H

1197

-2-

von Halder

N. 4597.

THE

KINSMAN

OF

MAHOMET, &c.

THE

Kinſman of Mahomet;

OR,

MEMOIRS of a FRENCH SLAVE,

During his Eight Years CAPTIVITY in

CONSTANTINOPLE:

INCLUDING MANY

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

RELATIVE TO THE

Religion, Hiſtory, Policy, Cuſtoms, and Manners

OF THE

TURKS;

EIGENTHUM DER STADT AUGSBURG

And INTERSPERSED with

A VARIETY of ADVENTURES

IN THE

SERAGLIOS of the EAST.

WRITTEN by HIMSELF.

And TRANSLATED from the Original FRENCH.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for D. CULVER, in Little Bridges-Street, near Drury-Lane Theatre.

M,DCC,LXXIV.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

Zambak's *departure, and what happened in* Muſtapha's *family afterwards.* Page 1

CHAP. II.

Muſtapha *ſent for by the* Sultan. 5

CHAP. III.

Zambak *returns, and deſcribes her reception at the Seraglio.* 8

CHAP. IV.

What paſſed at the Kiaia's *viſit—an imprudent reſolution of mine.* 12

CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

Zambak's *marriage—my maſter changed greatly for the worſe.* Page 16

CHAP. VI.

I am invited to an Interview with Zambak—*an unlucky accident in conſequence.* 20

CHAP. VII.

More unfortunate conſequences of my attempt to ſee Zambak. 24

CHAP. VIII.

I am taken to ſea—cruel uſage on board the galley. 27

CHAP. IX.

An engagement with two Malteſe *galleys.* 30

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. X.

The galley arrives at Constantinople—*I am again sold.* Page 33

CHAP XI.

In which are related the arguments made use of by Mahomet's *relation to work my conversion.* 37

CHAP. XII.

Ill success of Omar's *endeavours to convert me.* 42

CHAP. XIII.

Some account of Omar *and his family, with a word concerning his fair niece.* 45

CHAP. XIV.

My conversion attempted by a female of the family—I get to the speech of Mahomet's *kinswoman.* 49

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP XV.

An unſeaſonable interruption —prudence no barrier againſt deſire—Maraquilla's *incontinence.* Page 54

CHAP. XVI.

Advantages of a happy preſence of mind. —Viſit to Muſtapha—*a converſation with* Zambak. 59

CHAP. XVII.

Which concludes with my becoming the Kinſman of Mahomet. 64

CHAP. XVIII.

Diſtreſs of Mahomet's *kinsfolks*—Maraquilla's *conſtancy.* 69

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XIX.

Maraquilla *plans an escape—The kinsfolks of* Mahomet *see each other every night.* Page 73

CHAP. XX.

A remarkable precept of the Mahometan *law*——Mahomet's *cousin leads a joyous life.* 77

CHAP. XXI.

The Cousins of Mahomet discovered—— Tragical consequences of the intrigue. 80

CHAP. XXII.

The method I took to escape from punishment. 85

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Mufti's *decision npon my pretended loss of reason—I become* fool *to that head of the* Mahometan *religion.* Page 89

CHAP. XXIV.

Account of the Mufti's *family—mad frolicks played by the* Kinſman of Mahomet. 94

CHAP. XXV.

More frolicks betwixt the Kinſman of Mahomet, *and the* Mufti's *wives.* 98

CHAP. XXVI.

More adventures in the Mufti's *gardens.* 102

CHAP. XXVII.

The Mufti *dies—The* Kinſman of Mahomet *becomes again the* Grand Signior's *property*

CONTENTS

property—misses preferment in the Seraglio—*is bestowed as the reward of dexterity.* Page 107

CHAP. XXVIII.

My reception in the family of the Janizary. 111

CHAP. XXIX

Further account of the Janizary's *family.* 115

CHAP. XXX.

What passed betwixt the Kinsman of Mahomet, *and the* Janizary's *wife.* 118

CHAP. XXXI.

In which Chera *gives some account of the Sect of* Becthaschites. 122

CHAP

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXXII.

A fire; the Kinſman of Mahomet *near periſhing in it—the* Janizary's *family removed to the country.* Page 126

CHAP. XXXII.

Full of diſaſters—the Kinſman of Mahomet *is bought by the* Turkiſh *Gardener.* 130

CHAP. XXXIV.

Muſtapha *turns* Corſair—the Kinſman of Mahomet's *good fortune with the modern* Abiſhag. 135

CHAP. XXXV.

A Viſit to the widow of a Kaimakan. 139

CHAP. XXXVI.

My entertainment in the houſe of the Kaimakan's *widow.* 143

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXXVII.

I fall into the hands of a Turkiſh *Phyſician.* Page 147

CHAP. XXXVIII.

The Doctor undertakes to reſtore the Kinſman of Mahomet *to his reaſon.* 150

CHAP. XXXIX.

I return to Conſtantinople. 153

CHAP. XL.

I meet with an old acquaintance. 156

CHAP. XLI.

The progreſs of my cure. 159

CHAP. XLII.

Artifice of the Turkiſh *phyſician.*—Nedoua's *diſtreſs.* 162

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XLIII.

Calil's *plot ſucceeds—the* Kinſman of Mahomet *diſcovered to be no fool—* Nedoua *relieved—the doctor makes a pretended cure.* Page 166

CHAP. XLIV.

The Kinſman of Mahomet *regains his liberty, and viſits ſome old friends.* 171

CHAP. XLV.

Some account of this widow, her brother, and ſiſter. 175

CHAP. XLVI.

A double marriage propoſed—Muſtapha's *generoſity*—Nedoua *loſes her friend.* 178

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XLVII.

Character of Mahomet's *kinswoman—I acquire a new female connection* 182

CHAP. XLVIII.

My entertainment at Galata—Tonton's *resolution of quitting* Mustapha, *and of other matters.* 186

CHAP. XLIX

Which gives an account of a most dreadful catastrophe. 189

CHAP. L.

The family of Mahomet *finish their bloody work—I am discovered and saved.* 193

CHAP. LI.

I refused to be cured—The Scherifs *extend their cruelty to* Nedoua's *remains.* 196

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. LII.

I am still persecuted by Mahomet's *kindred—the method used to compleat my destruction—the cruel method taken for my deliverance.* Page 199

CHAP. LIII.

My recovery compleated——I prepare to return to my native country. 203

CHAP. LIV.

How I spent my time between my recovery and return to France. 206

CHAP. LV.

Menekcke's *portrait—her fondness—the eve of my departure arrives.* 209

CHAP. LVI.

Which brings the history to a conclusion. 213

THE KINSMAN OF MAHOMET, &c.

CHAP. I.

Zambak's *departure, and what happened in* Muſtapha's *family afterwards.*

THE *Ichoglans* and *Janizaries* congratulated *Muſtapha* on the honour done his family by the Sultan, and begged his protection. The eunuchs appeared again in about half an hour, followed by *Zambak*, covered with a

thick veil. She promiſed her brother a continuance of her regard in a very cool manner, but did not condeſcend to give a ſingle look at her Doctor, who ſaw her leave the houſe with ſome indifference, and a good deal of concern, leſt the Sultan ſhould take it in his head to drop the handkerchief the moment he ſaw her.

The miniſters of the Sultan's pleaſures being departed with their prize, *Muſtapha* delivered himſelf up to grief, and exclaimed againſt his ſovereign in the bittereſt terms; the prophet himſelf came in for ſome ſhare of his curſes. I aſſiſted my maſter in the diſcharge of his ſorrow, and I was, for my part, more laviſh in loading the prophet with my epithets, becauſe I ſtood in leſs fear of him than of the Sultan. *Tonton* put an end to the deprecations of our anger by her appearance, and I left her with *Muſtapha*, whilſt I went to muſe at leiſure in the garden.

My meditations were ſuch as might naturally be expected under ſuch circumſtances. They were interrupted by *Checher-para*, who came to tell me that

Muſtapha wanted to ſpeak with me. I aſked her if her ſecret was to be depended on, and ſhe aſſured me that it was infallible; inſomuch, that the moſt experienced would be deceived by it. She added, that ſhe obſerved *Zambak* take it with her, and that it was prepared ſo as to have effect within four-and-twenty hours. This information did not a little contribute to make me eaſy, eſpecially as I had no doubt but *Zambak* would make uſe of the remedy, and obſerve the precautions which were required in its application.

Pariſian, ſaid *Muſtapha* as ſoon as he ſaw me, I know my ſiſter had a great regard for you, and I ſhould be glad to know if you ever exceeded the bounds of friendſhip when alone together. Tell me the truth; for if the tyrant ſhould diſcover it, we ſhall all be ſacrificed to his vengeance. I aſſured my maſter that nothing had paſſed between us, but what was very innocent: nay, I even offered to ſwear to the truth of what I ſaid by the *Temple of Mecca*. *Muſtapha* then ſaid to me with a ſigh, my ungrateful ſiſter does not know what ſhe loſes in

leaving us; ſhe would have lived much happier with you, than with an haughty maſter, who will look upon her, perhaps, as the loweſt of his ſlaves. I ſhould have been inconſolable to have loſt her through my indiſcretion, if ſhe had not appeared inſenſible of any regret at our ſeparation. Do, *Checher-para*, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to *Tonton*, tell us how ſhe behaved when the eunuchs acquainted her of the honourable diſgrace which awaited her beauty.

Signior, replied the *little lump of ſugar*, as ſoon as the eunuchs entered *Zambak*'s apartment, ſhe ſeemed conſcious of their buſineſs, and received them with the ſtatelineſs of a princeſs. They had ſcarcely told her the purpoſe of their viſit, when, giving thanks to the prophet that ſhe had found favour in the ſight of her ſovereign, ſhe told them, ſhe ſhould accompany them with pleaſure. They then ordered her to be ſtripped naked, and having ſurveyed her very attentively, beſtowing many praiſes on each particular beauty, they bid me dreſs her again; and, bowing themſelves at her feet, they covered her with a veil,

uſing

uſing many marks of reſpect. *Zambak* immediately afterwards followed them, without ſaying a ſingle word to me, taking with her a ſmall caſket of jewels.

CHAP. II.

Muſtapha *ſent for by the* Sultan.

FATHER of true believers! (exclaimed my maſter, when he heard *Tonton*'s account of *Zambak*'s behaviour, as it is recorded in the concluſion of laſt chapter) impute it not to the indiſcretion of theſe lips, if any misfortune befal my ſiſter. Maſter, ſaid I, be comforted; your ſiſter's fortune cannot fail to be of ſervice to you; you will be careſſed, and reſpected throughout the empire. What a pleaſure it muſt give you to hear yourſelf called, the uncle of the *Chezade* * !

My friend, replied *Muſtapha*, I covet not theſe honours; I am content with

* Heir apparent of the empire.

my fortune, and wiſh only to enjoy it in peace. Theſe were uncommon ſentiments in a Turk, that people being generally covetous and ambitious; and indeed my maſter had nothing of a Turk but the appearance. *Tonton* and I made uſe of our different methods of adminiſtring conſolation to our maſter; ſhe made him forget his ſorrows in her arms when abed, and I drowned them in floods of wine when up. I drank it myſelf very freely, and ſtrove with it to forget the loſs of *Zambak*. Our day was paſſed in ſleep, and our night in eating and drinking.

We had returned, however, to the Imperial City, that we might be in the way of hearing the news of the Seraglio. About a month after our return, a *Capigis* came to *Muſtapha*, with orders for him to repair to the Seraglio, as the Sultan wanted to ſee him. He went without the leaſt dread, but I could not ſee him go without a multitude of apprehenſions. *Tonton* did all ſhe could to remove my fears, which were not diſſipated 'till after *Muſtapha*'s return.

He related his interview with the

Sultan

Sultan in the following manner: He appeared before the Ottoman Monarch without arms, and in the uſual poſture; that is, with the body bent, and the hands croſſed upon the ſtomach *, and ſupported, or, more properly ſpeaking, guarded by two *Ichoglans*.

My regard for my favourite Sultaneſs, ſaid the Grand Signior to him very graciouſly, has not permitted me to ſee your ſiſter. I love *Sultana Lale* † ſo well, that I will not give her the leaſt room for uneaſineſs: I therefore give you back your ſiſter; but have diſpoſed of her to the *Kiaia* ‡ of my *Capitan Bachi*, who, hearing of her beauty, was deſirous to have her, and to give you his daughter. Take this *Katacherif* §, and go to my *Tefterdar* ||.

One of the *Ichoglans* took the order

* No one but the *Aga* of the *Janizaries* is permitted to ſpeak to the Sultan in the common poſture. The cuſtom of holding the hands as here deſcribed, was introduced by *Bajazet* II, who was wounded on the road to *Adrianople* by a *Derviſe*, who approached him under pretence of begging alms, but in reality with deſign to kill him.

† Bright as a tulip.
‡ Lieutenant.
§ Imperial Mandate.
|| High Treaſurer of the Empire.

from the hands of the Sultan, and delivered it to *Muſtapha*, who thanked his Sublime Highneſs, by proſtrating himſelf at his feet. The return of *Zambak* made me conclude, I ſhould recover my late privileges, but the news of her marriage led me to imagine, that I ſhould loſe her without ſeeing her again.

CHAP. III.

Zambak *returns, and deſcribes her reception at the Seraglio.*

ALTHOUGH *Zambak* had diſcovered ſo much indifference at parting with her brother, yet he was pleaſed with the thoughts of ſeeing her again, as he accordingly did the ſame evening. The Grand Signior returned *Zambak* to her brother's houſe, with the ſame eſcort as had accompanied her thence. We placed ourſelves about the diſappointed Sultaneſs, who, after the firſt ſalutations, related her reception within

within the Seraglio in the following words: I was firſt conducted to the *Ghuchuck Oda**, which was to be my lodging; I was there viſited and complimented by all the women, who were curious to ſee, and paſs judgment on my beauty. I had the honour of a viſit from the favourite Sultaneſs, who was piqued with a like curioſity. She beſtowed many encomiums on my perſon; but, taking me aſide, threatened to ſtrangle me, if I ſhould have the good fortune to pleaſe the *Sultan*†. Terrified with

* The chamber of the new *Odalicks*. Theſe chambers are very large, and have ſeveral beds in them, in which the *Odalicks* ſleep ſeparately. They are well lighted by night, and there are a number of old women conſtantly on the watch, to ſee that nothing indecent paſſes amongſt theſe poor cloiſtered girls. I have read, but I do not recollect where, that the *Odalicks* formerly had their cucumbers (which are cultivated to the greateſt perfection in Turkey) given them whole, but they are now cut in ſlices, to prevent their applying them to an uſe, which they were at that time accuſtomed to convert them to. For the information of the Engliſh reader the Tranſlator thinks proper to add, that he has ſeen the Turkey-cucumber in hot-houſes; its colour is a beautiful ſky blue, the rind is delicately ſmooth, its ſhape long, ſlender, and uniform; much reſembling the deity worſhipped by the ladies of antiquity, under the name of *Priapus*.

† In 1667 *Zachi-Haſſaki*, a Cretan by birth, cauſed a young *Georgian* girl, of the moſt exquiſite beauty,

with her menaces, I replied that I had not ſought the honour that had been done me, and would very gladly forego it; and I begged the *Sultana* to aſſiſt in delivering me from a place, wherein I run ſuch a hazard of my life.

The jealous Sultaneſs, continued *Zambak*, at theſe words embraced me, and promiſed me her friendſhip, and an advancement of fortune. In ſhort, this ſubtle woman engaged the Sultan to reward the ſervices of the *Kiaia* of the Sea, by giving him a wife from out of the Seraglio*. Yeſterday Sultaneſs *Lale* came to tell me, that I was to leave the Seraglio, and to marry this man. She made me many handſome preſents, and aſſured me, that the Sultan would ſee that I had a ſuitable portion.

Thus I have told you, ſaid *Zambak*, what happened moſt remarkable during my reſidence in a place, where I expected

to be ſtrangled, for diſputing with her the heart of *Mahomet* IV. This Prince, though greatly incenſed againſt *Zachi*, did not think fit to puniſh her for the murder.

* This is the greateſt honour a Turk can poſſibly arrive at, even though his wife ſhould have been introduced to the Sultan's bed.

to

to make no ſmall figure. It is the prophet, doubtleſs, added ſhe, throwing her arms round *Muſtapha*'s neck, who has puniſhed me for being ſo deſirous to leave a brother, that is worthy of all my affection.

Muſtapha, who is certainly the beſt-natured Turk in the whole empire, was affected with his ſiſter's repentance, and held her for ſome time locked in his arms. I was not ſo eaſily cajoled, but in my ſituation it was beſt to diſſemble my opinion. We were all ſo overjoyed at this meeting, that we ſpent the greateſt part of the night in mirth and feſtivity.

The next day I announced to my maſter a viſit from his intended brother-in-law.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

What paſſed at the Kiaia's *viſit—an imprudent reſolution of mine.*

CUrgi *Nebi*, *Kiaia* of the ſea, was a man about ſixty years of age, ſtrong and vigorous, but very ill-favoured; with the moſt forbidding countenance I ever ſaw: he had all the vices of a Turk, and none of the good qualities. As *Muſtapha* had always lived in a retired manner, he did not know this officer, who prefaced his propoſal with an exaggerated account of his wealth and intereſt; he added, with an air of as much gallantry as he was capable of ſhewing, that he hoped to have more reaſon to be ſatisfied with *Zambak*'s merit than her fortune.

In ſhort, he behaved like a Courtier, who, having run through his fortune, ſeeks to repair it, by marrying with the daughter of a rich financier. The *Katacherif*, which made part of *Zambak*'s

fortune

fortune, was for *twenty purſes* *, and the *Haſſaki* had given her as much in diamonds.

Muſtapha returned his compliments with great politeneſs; and, although he would gladly have been without ſuch a brother-in-law, yet he was polite enough to diſguiſe his ſentiments, and make many profeſſions of friendſhip for a man whom he hated at firſt ſight.

Curgi came at laſt to talk of his daughter, and told my maſter he might make what ſettlement † he thought proper

* About 1300 l. ſterling, or 30,000 French livres. When a Turk is honoured with a wife from the Seraglio, the Grand Signior gives a fortune with her which the huſband cannot diſpoſe of without ſecurity for its being paid to her, if ſhe becomes a widow; or into the Imperial Treaſury, if ſhe dies without male heirs. Thus the huſband is only a Truſtee for his wife's fortune.

† When a rich Turk marries, he is obligsd to ſettle a jointure upon his future wife, which ſhe, or her friends, claim in caſe of divorce, or his dying without male iſſue, to whom the ſettlement deſcends (for the daughters inherit nothing) without any proviſion being made for the mother. Turks of middling fortune marry without any ſuch ſettlement; but if the wife is divorced, ſhe is to be provided for during life, or until ſhe marries again, which rarely happens, becauſe ſhe enjoys full liberty after her ſeparation. Thus divorces are uncommon amongſt the poorer ſort of people, this rare privilege being only within the reach of the opulent.—*'Tis ſo in England.*

upon

upon her. At length he took leave, and many compliments and proffers of ſervice paſſed on both ſides at parting, which were equally ſincere.

The *Kiaia* of the ſea was ſcarcely gone out, before *Zambak*, who had concealed herſelf, and heard the whole converſation, came, and kneeling, begged her brother not to marry her to ſo diſagreeable a man. I thought ſhe would have gone diſtracted when *Muſtapha* told her, it was not in his power to prevent it, as he had received his orders from his maſter.

I did all in my power to make *Zambak* ſubmit with chearfulneſs to the Sultan's diſpoſal of her. I paſſed the night with her, and there were moments of it in which I bleſſed the jealouſy of the favourite *Sultana*, as it convinced me of the excellence of *Checher-para*'s ſecret. She had reaſon in ſaying the moſt experienced might be deceived by it. This flower, which is loſt for ever the moment it is gathered, ſeemed to be renewed, only to be plucked with more difficulty.

After one of thoſe moments of rapture, when loſt to ourſelves, the power

of

of ſatisfying our deſires fails us, otherwiſe than by pouring out the tender effuſions of our ſouls, I promiſed *Zambak* to follow her to the houſe of that huſband ſhe was forced to accept. It was with difficulty I prevailed on *Muſtapha* to conſent to my changing my maſter. He wanted to preſent me with a *Kebin* *, but his ſiſter prevented it by telling him, ſhe would give them herſelf, after I had been a little time in her ſervice; and I very ſimply conſented that it ſhould be ſo.

Muſtapha, who readily ſaw through our deſign, very diſcreetly pointed out the danger we ran with a man of *Curgi*'s diſpoſition. It was all in vain; my fate was determined, and I was to be the moſt miſerable of ſlaves after having been the happieſt.

* Letters of freedom.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Zambak's *marriage—my maſter changed greatly for the worſe.*

ZAMBAK delayed her marriage under a variety of pretences; at laſt the *Kadileſker* joined *Curgi* and her together, but not before ſhe had taken the proper ſtep to prevent his disfiguring her.

It was not without reaſon that her huſband boaſted of his wealth, which appeared in every part of his houſe. Beſides a great number of ſlaves of both ſexes, he was ſuppoſed worth an immenſe treaſure, which he had acquired by piracy.

Far from *Zambak*'s and my expectation, I was put amongſt the ſlaves who rowed in his galleys; this diſtinction I owed to the robuſtneſs of my appearance. I was ſhut up in *Curgi*'s Bagnio, and loaded with a chain of twenty pounds weight. This was the more grievous, as I had never worn one before of more

than

than two pound; and I never wore one at all while I was with *Muſtapha*, but when I went into the City, by way of badge.

I now was badly fed; I lay hard; and was regularly beaten; but had full leiſure to repent my folly in leaving *Muſtapha* to follow his ſiſter.

After having been a month in this pleaſant ſituation, I was ordered to my old maſter's, to carry thither a part of the baggage belonging to *Curgi*'s daughter, who was now married. I there ſaw *Tonton*, who ſcarcely knew me, ſo much was I altered. I related the miſery I had endured, and the poor girl, who had always had great charity for her neighbour, ſhed tears at the ſtory of my ſufferings. By her means I got to ſpeak to *Muſtapha*, with whom ſhe was ſtill in as high favour as ever.

This worthy *Muſulman* embraced me, mixing his tears with mine; for I could not help ſhedding many at the ſight of a man, in whoſe ſervice I fared much better than I now did. *Muſtapha* promiſed to uſe his utmoſt endeavours to get me back again; and accordingly went

the

the next morning to aſk me of *Curgi*, who denied his requeſt in a rude manner, giving no other reaſon for it, than that he had not ſlaves enough to make up the compliment of two galleys, which he intended for ſea very ſhortly.

The generous *Muſtapha* offered him the choice of two ſlaves, expert rowers; but to no purpoſe; the accurſed *Saracen* had taken it in his head that I ſhould learn to row, and could not be perſuaded to the contrary. For fear I ſhould give him the ſlip, and run to his ſon-in-law's, he had me confined at a diſtance from his houſe, where I was employed, with a number of other poor wretches, in cleaning a ſtinking drain, which received all the filth of it.

This work is generally done by Jews; but *Curgi*, who never neglected an opportunity of making money, had exempted them from it, in conſideration of a large ſum, and had ſet his ſlaves, who were not able to buy it off in the ſame manner, to work at it.

This Muſulman-miſer would have been able to have given leſſons of thrift to the moſt covetous amongſt Chriſtians.

His

His avarice was become proverbial amongſt his ſlaves.

I was in no want of money, and had even offered a fine for being excuſed this filthy labour; but *Curgi*, for the firſt time in his life, refuſed taking it. I was at a loſs to account for his refuſal, and it was not until ſome time after, that I learned he harboured violent ſuſpicions of my correſpondence with *Zambak*. In order to puniſh me, therefore, for a crime he had it not in his power to convict me of, he refuſed to ſell me to *Muſtapha*, and employed me in the moſt laborious offices, waiting, without doubt, for a colourable pretext to burn me alive.

The ſoles of my feet, and my ſhoulders, have often ſuffered for my indiſcretions; and I never enjoyed ſo much pleaſure with *Zambak*, as I underwent pain from the correction of her huſband.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

I am invited to an Interview with Zambak—*an unlucky accident in conſequence.*

ONE evening as I was returning from my work, a woman, wrapped up in a *Feradgee** beckoned to me, whom I found to be *Tonton*. She gave me a purſe of money, and bade me, in as few words as poſſible, to preſent it to the youngeſt of the two overſeers, it being the reward he had been promiſed for introducing me to *Zambak*, which he was able to effect, as being an eunuch, and in expectation of an employment within the *Haram* of *Curgi Nebi*. Having ſaid this ſhe left me.

I paſſed that night in thinking what I had beſt do. To attempt ſeeing *Zambak*, guarded as ſhe was by ſlaves and eunuchs, in the intereſt of their maſter,

* The *Feradgee* is a kind of long cloak, with a hood to it, commonly worn by the ordinary ſort of women, when they walk the ſtreets.

appeared

appeared a very desperate enterprize. I had no reason to doubt the malignity of his disposition towards me, which might yet be encreased by any fresh cause of disgust; and this would be giving a just pretence of punishing me to one, who already was cruel enough to beat me without any. My evil genius, however, over-ruled these prudent reflections, and I resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to revenge myself of *Curgi*, as I had before done of *Ibrahim*. The next day I met with my future conductor, and privately gave him the purse, which he took with as much caution as I presented it. He set me to work as usual, but about noon took me aside under pretence of sending me for something he wanted, and bid me prepare myself to go with him the following night.

It will readily be supposed that I was no delicate object by the time my day's work was finished; however, I made myself as clean as I possibly could. About midnight I heard the Bagnio-door open, and my name very audibly pronounced. I pretended to awake, and express resentment

ſentment at being diſturbed out of my ſleep. After calling me ſeveral times, and finding that I did not ſtir, my conductor went to ſeek for a light, and coming to where I lay, gave me ſeveral blows with his fiſt to make me get up, as I pretended to be ſtill aſleep, and to be very unwilling to riſe.

This farce was very well performed; I could only have wiſhed that the performer, who ſuſtained the principal character in it, had not acted the *beating part* ſo naturally, which could not, however, have been omitted, as being eſſential to the *piece*, in order to give it probability in the judgment of the ſpectators.

We left the bagnio, which was next our maſter's garden, the wall of which we climbed, not without great difficulty on my part, as well from its height as the weight of my chain. When we had got over into the garden, the eunuch concealed me in an arbour, and went forward to reconnoitre. He returned in a ſhort time, and I ſubmitted to be led by the hand, without uttering a ſingle word. As we croſſed a *parterre*, we

imagined

imagined we ſaw ſomebody coming towards us; upon which my guide took to his heels, and left me. In following his example, I fell over head and ears in a baſon of water. Though I ſtood in much need of waſhing, yet I did not remain long in this bath, the coldneſs of which brought on a cough, and I was almoſt ſuffocated in endeavouring to ſtifle it.

In ſuch a ſituation it was not practicable to proceed onwards, ſo I told my guide when he came to me, that I had much rather return than go on, and hazard the loſs of my life by reſtraining my cough, or a diſcovery by giving vent to it. He gave into my propoſal, and we regained the foot of the wall.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

More unfortunate consequences of my attempt to see Zambak.

THE eunuch, who had the greatest regard for his own preservation, ascended the wall first, and got down again without any accident; but I was far from being so lucky, for in my descent my chain got entangled with the ladder we made use of, and one hand not being sufficient to disengage it, I employed both, and falling backwards I broke my leg betwixt two steps of the ladder, and remained suspended with my head downward.

I roared out in a horrid manner, without any regard to the danger of a discovery. The eunuch, who, notwithstanding his cowardice, did not want for presence of mind, drew his poniard, and threatened to bury it in my heart if I uttered the least cry. The fear of present death got the better of my pain. He got my leg free in the best manner

he

he could, and ſeated me on the ground; after having concealed the ladder, he took me on his back, and conveyed me to the bagnio, where he left me to groan and lament my misfortune as much as I choſe.

My cries had occaſioned a general alarm; lights were brought, and the eunuch told thoſe who ſurrounded me that I broke my leg, as I was walking near him, but in what manner he could not ſay. If he accounted for my being with him at ſuch an hour, I was not in a condition to hear in what manner, for I fainted away, and was aſſiſted by my comrades with a chriſtian charity, to which, from the occaſion of my meeting with this accident, I was no way intitled.

A ſlave from *Hamburgh*, who was a good Surgeon, recovered me from my ſwoon, by the pain he put me to in re-reducing my fracture. I acquainted *Muſtapha* with my misfortune, who came to comfort me, and gave me money to buy medicines, and forward my cure. He ſifted me with ſo many artful queſtions, that he diſcovered in part the cauſe

of my accident, and I confeſſed the reſt. From him I learned that *Curgi* had ſome ſuſpicion of my connection with his wife, all which *Tonton* had communicated to him, who ſeeing *Zambak* from time to time, had been told by her, that her huſband had not ſcrupled to declare, he intended to kill me by hard uſage.

However, my maſter, who had heard of my accident without being told the cauſe of it, did not ſeem to pay any regard to it. The *Hamburgher* viſited my leg regularly, and I paid him for every viſit, to get rid of him, and upon my legs the ſooner. *Muſtapha* came as often as he could with ſecrecy to adminiſter conſolation, and to bring news of *Zambak*, which came to him by way of *Checher-para*.

The wife of *Curgi* was exceedingly concerned for my misfortune, and had reſolved, however great the mortification might be to her, not to riſk an interview. I for my part ſhould have been well pleaſed to have been cured of my broken limb, as eaſily as of my regret on that account.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

I am taken to ſea—cruel uſage on board the galley.

THE time being now arrived for putting to ſea, *Curgi* made the review of his crews. I walked but badly then, and as I paſſed before him I took the liberty to repreſent to him that I ſhould be of little ſervice on board the galleys. I want not thy legs, anſwered he in a rough tone, it is enough that thou haſt two arms; and ſo ſaying, he gave me five or ſix ſmart blows with a ſupple jack over both ſhoulders, as if he meant to try them.

Muſtapha, who, under a feigned name, had been endeavouring without effect to obtain my ranſom, came to me, and took his leave ſome few days before we embarked, preſenting me at the ſame time with twenty *ſequins*.

We were fitted out for a cruiſe in the *Mediterranean*. Surely the life of a ſlave in a gallcy is a moſt miſerable one! Hea-

ven keep all honeſt men who have broken legs from it! That inconvenience prevented me from rowing as well as others, for which reaſon I received many a ſtripe, a diſcipline which had been recommended for me.

One day that we could ſail, I had laid myſelf along to ſleep, when a dog, belonging to *Curgi*, finding ſomething agreeable in the ſmell of the bandage about my leg, or being hungry, I know not which, ſet his teeth into it, which made me ſtart, and my whole leg, which had the chain about it, fell upon the creature, and ſent him away howling. The maſter aſked, who had hurt his dog? when a *Genoeſe Renegado*, who, unfortunately for me, had ſeen the whole tranſaction, related the circumſtances of it greatly in the dog's favour. *Curgi* immediately ordered the *Falacca* to be brought, and I received two hundred blows on the ſoles of my feet, in part of four hundred, which was my puniſhment.

It is impoſſible to conceive a pain more ſharp than that I felt. I loſt my ſenſes. I have often received the *baſtinado*,

tinado, and have had a pretty large ſhare of blows upon my ſhoulders with a ſupple-jack, but they were all but tickling with a feather, compared to what I then felt.

The execution was ſcarcely over, when we deſcried two galleys making for us, with ſails and oars. We cleared for an engagement, and I was thrown under the ſeat for dead, with no more ceremony than would have been ſhewn to a brute creature in the like condition.

CHAP. IX.

An engagement with two Malteſe *galleys.*

THE galleys were preſently known to be enemies. My comrades concealed, as well as they were able, their joy on the ſight of the colours of the Knights of *Malta*. I, for my own part, though I expected nothing more than death, pleaſed myſelf with the hopes of deliverance from captivity one way or the other. No enemy beſides could have attacked Turks with the bravery that theſe galleys engaged ours: we were in an inſtant involved in fire and ſmoak. *Curgi Nebi* had a great ſhare of courage; he valued not danger, and he gave his orders with a wonderful degree of coolneſs. It is not to be admired if I, who had never ſeen any thing ſo horrible as this engagement was, invoked every ſaint in the calendar. I can ſafely ſay I was never half ſo devout in my whole life.

The fight continued for near an hour with pretty equal ſucceſs; when a cannon ball deprived *Curgi Nebi* of life. The ſlaves ſhouted for joy. *The dog is dead*, cried out thoſe who ſaw the effect of this lucky bullet, and this was all his funeral eulogy. Earneſt as I had 'till then been in my devotions, I could not help joining in the general gladneſs, on ſo joyful an event.

As ſoon as the death of the *Kiaia* was known, the ſpirits of the Turks began to ſink, and they prepared for flight. We were ſo deſirous of being taken by the *Malteſe*, that we did not obey our orders; and reſting upon our oars, gave the galley an opportunity to board us.

It is rather ſpeaking improperly to ſay *we*; but although I was at that time uſeleſs as a rower, yet I think I may employ the *firſt perſon plural*, ſince if I was deprived of my limbs, I backed my comrades with my earneſt wiſhes for a general deliverance.

The *Malteſe* galley engaged with the other belonging to *Curgi* had been damaged by it; which being ſeen by that which had attacked us, it went to

its assistance, in order to give time for repairing the damage, having perceived that ours intended to sheer off. Though the Turks killed many amongst us with their sabres, yet the rest could not be made to use their oars, so that our galley went only with the wind, and we were presently overtaken by the *Maltese*. Several of the knights had boarded us sword in hand, when the colours were hoisted on board the damaged galley, and a gun fired as a signal of distress.

It was with the utmost grief that we saw ourselves forsaken by our deliverers, who preferred the assistance of their friends in distress to certain victory.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The galley arrives at Conſtantinople— *I am again ſold.*

WE were now obliged to take to our oars, and the galley ſteered for *Conſtantinople*. The galleys entered the canal, rowing leiſurely along. Ours had a black flag. The Turks ſtanding on the ſhore ſaw us land with fewer marks of concern than we diſcovered.

The Grand Signior certainly receives more legacies than any individual in the known world. He inherits the fortune of all who leave any thing behind them, whether they die in his ſervice, or by his orders. He allows the widows juſt as much as is ſufficient for their maintenance; and as for the children, they are taken into the Seraglio, where the girls are brought up with the *Odalicks*,

and the boys with the *Azamoglans*. According to their merit they may expect promotion. In that country every one muſt be himſelf the founder of his own fortune.

This policy, which, by thus overſetting families, keeps every one dependent, prevents individuals from becoming too powerful, and attempting any thing to the prejudice of their ſovereign.

Slaves making a part of every one's wealth, we of courſe became the property of the Grand Signior, who, to puniſh our diſobedience at ſo critical a juncture, condemned us all to be thrown into the ſea*. Our ſentence was, however, at laſt mitigated to a decimation.

I eſcaped the puniſhment, after paſſing one night in a ſtate of cruel ſuſpence, betwixt life and death. The poor

* Formerly when any perſon was ordered to be thrown into the ſea, he was ſewed cloſely up in a leathern ſack, and, by way of refinement on this puniſhment, a dog, a cat, and three days proviſion were put into it with him. But this is at preſent diſuſed, and the criminal has his hands and feet tied, and a weight put about his neck. In this way women are puniſhed, who are taken in open adultery.

wretches on whom the lot fell were instantly drowned; the reſt were cloſely confined. As fortune would have it my ſurgeon was not amongſt the number decimated, and he employed the few days we remained together in curing all my hurts, whether of late or of long ſtanding.

I was the laſt unſold of all *Curgi*'s ſlaves; as it may eaſily be imagined that I was not a very ſaleable commodity. I found means to make *Muſtapha* acquainted with my ſituation, who happened to be ſick at *Galata*. Not being able to come himſelf to *Conſtantinople*, he had deſired a friend to purchaſe amongſt *Curgi*'s ſlaves one called the *Pariſian Scholar*. This man, when he came to bid for me, ſuppoſing *Muſtapha* not to be in earneſt, returned without even aſking the price I was to be ſold for, and wrote to his friend to know if he was really determined upon throwing his money away on ſo bad a purchaſe. *Muſtapha* ſent word back by expreſs, that I was to be bought at any price.

Whilſt meſſages were ſending backwards and forwards, I became the property

perty of a *Scherif**, who bought me for twelve *ſequins*, and I was carried to his houſe, not being able to walk thither.

* A Deſcendant from *Mahomet*. They have a privilege peculiar to themſelves, of wearing green turbants, which they make of a very large ſize.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

In which are related the arguments made use of by Mahomet's *relation to work my converſion.*

MAHOMET's Kinſman treated me with great tenderneſs. My wounds were regularly dreſſed and taken care of, ſo that at the end of a month I could go about as uſual. I was unable to account for this man's kindneſs, which I had by no means been able to merit. *Muſtapha*, as ſoon as he grew better, returned to *Conſtantinople*, and had eaſy acceſs to me in the houſe of *Omar Fetatz*, my new maſter. He was as much at a loſs for the motives of his behaving towards me ſo different from other Turks.

The ſon of *Sulmen* informed me, that his ſiſter had lived with him ſince the death of her huſband; he acquainted me likewiſe with the diſagreeable life he led with the daughter of *Curgi Nebi*, who perfectly reſembled her father in diſpo-

ſition. He had ſuffered great diſquietude from her haughty, and ungovernable temper, and had been obliged to keep his ſiſter and *Tonton* entirely at *Galata*, in viſiting whom now and then at that place conſiſted the whole pleaſure of his life.

Muſtapha offered *Fetatz* twice as much as he paid for me, but he would not hearken to the propoſal, his reaſons for which ſprung from his great zeal for the propagation of the prophet's law. He ſaid he had diſcovered in me a docility of temper, which led him to hope, that through gentle treatment, joined to his exhortations, I ſhould be induced to embrace the *Mahometan* faith.

Muſtapha would have been a bad man had he endeavoured to hinder my converſion; he therefore greatly, and with much ſincerity, commended *Omar* for ſo laudable a zeal, as well as for the method he took, which was a more certain one to make proſelytes, than the blows made uſe of by others towards their converts. *Zambak*'s brother told me, with much ſatisfaction, the good deſign which *Fetatz* had entertained;

and

begged me to liſten to the voice of the prophet, who had not diſdained to ſpeak to me through the mouth of his couſin.

There was now no room to doubt that *Omar*'s kindneſſes proceeded from his regard for religion; and he confirmed it himſelf ſhortly afterwards, by delivering a diſcourſe which he had been preparing from the time I firſt came to him. He begun with the excellence of the prophet's miſſion, and he next explained the ſeveral myſteries contained in the book ſent from heaven to *Mahomet* *.

If I had not been well acquainted of the danger there is in making free with *Mahometaniſm* before a Turk, I ſhould have indulged my laughter, which I could ſcarcely contain, whilſt *Omar*, with great gravity, was relating the whimſical reveries of his relation.

* *Hali*, the ſon-in-law and companion of *Mahomet*, ſays, the *Alcoran* was intended for him, but that the angel *Gabriel*, through a miſtake, brought it to his father-in law. According to *Mahomet* the angel was three and-twenty years in bringing the *Alcoran* to him; it is, therefore, ſomething ſtrange, *Gabriel* ſhould not have diſcovered his error in ſo long a time.

For

For, in ſhort, how was it poſſible to preſerve a ſteady countenance, when I heard it ſeriouſly aſſerted, that *Mahomet* went through the ſeven paradiſes, and examined every thing particularly in them, yet returned time enough to his chamber to prevent a pot of water from overſeting, which the angel *Gabriel* had ſtruck with his wing when he took him?

That of theſe ſeven paradiſes, the firſt was of fine ſilver; the ſecond of fine gold; the third of precious ſtones; the fourth of emeralds; the fifth of chriſtal; the ſixth of vermilion; and the ſeventh a delightful garden flowing with honey, wine, and milk; that all theſe were filled with a number of pretty things, eſpecially of handſome, good-natured girls, ſo very beautiful, that if they were but to thruſt their heads out of a window, they would illuminate the world more than the ſun at noon-day.

That before the throne of the Almighty ſtand fourteen lighted candles, of a ſize which it would require a man to travel continually for fifty years before he could circumſcribe; but the impoſtor does not ſay whether he is to go on foot,

or

or on horſeback. Nobody ſurely but a man labouring under the attacks of a fit * of ſickneſs could have thought of ſuch abſurdities.

On ſuch foundations were conſtructed the arguments uſed by *Fetatz* for my converſion. I do not mean to derive any honour to myſelf from the reluctance I have ever ſhewn to profeſs a religion fraught with ſuch puerilities, to ſay no worſe of them. Little as I knew of my own religion, it was ſufficient, with ſome ſhare of good ſenſe, to enable me to ſee how much the principles taught me in my infancy were before ſuch ridiculous impertinences †.

* *Mahomet* was afflicted with an Epilepſy, and he took advantage of this to repreſent his fits as ſo many viſions, during which the angel *Gabriel* revealed the divine will to him.

† *Mahomet* frequently contradicts himſelf. In one place he ſays the angel *Gabriel* brought him the *Alcoran* chapter by chapter; in another he affirms, that the doctrine included in that book was revealed to him in viſions, which were no other than the fits he was ſo much ſubject to. He had taught a pigeon to reſt upon his ſhoulder, and peck his ear, and he made the ſimple multitude believe, that the angel *Gabriel* ſpoke to him under this ſhape. The fact is, that he compoſed the *Alcoran* with the aſſiſtance of *Batiras*, *Sergius*, a *Neſtorian* Monk, and ſome Jews, ſeveral of whoſe ordinances he has preſerved, ſuch as *circumciſion*, *abſtaining from ſwine's fleſh*, &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Ill success of Omar's *endeavours to convert me.*

SOME certain people will, without doubt, make themselves very merry at finding me talk in a language so directly opposite to my conduct: But I regard that very little; whatever is right must aiways be so: and to let them see that my connections with the Turkish ladies were rather consequences of my extreme youth, and the particular circumstances of accidental situations than of any depravity of heart, I will give them another *touch* of morality, which has made a great impression on my mind.

This is, that it were greatly to be wished that Christians would observe the precepts of their pure religion, with as much exactness as the Turks do those of their corrupt and false faith. It is true that they have bad men amongst them as well as we, but with this difference; that

that whereas ours make a boaſt of their impiety, the worſt amongſt the Turks conceal their wickedneſs all in their power.

I had lived long enough amongſt the *Muſulmans* not to be ignorant of their cuſtoms, in point of religion, with reſpect to their ſlaves. I knew that the leaſt trifle was of conſequence enough to make a Chriſtian be forced to change his religion. Touching an *Alcoran*, for example, entering a Moſque, putting on a turban, are any of them ſufficient to cauſe a man to be either circumciſed or burnt.

Not all the Potentates on earth can ſave a Chriſtian from the flames, who ſhould refuſe to become a *Mahometan*, after having pronounced theſe words: *La Illahe Illa Alla; Muhammed Reſoul Alla**.

* *There is no other God but God; Mahomet came from God.* Pronouncing theſe words, and holding up a finger, will infallibly put any one in a way of being circumciſed. A devout *Muſulman* ought to know that the *Alcoran* conſiſts of 60 chapters, 6,236 verſes, 77,639 words, and 323,015 letters. There are ſome who carry their devotion ſo far as to ſubdivide the verſes, words, and letters of each chapter, and then make a recapitulation of the whole.

The more preſſing *Omar* was with his leſſons, the more I was on my guard; as I was well aſſured he would ſhew me no favour, on account of his family. I never entered into any diſpute with him; my conſtant anſwer was, that I did not intend to change my religion. This anſwer did not abate his zeal, and he behaved to me with the ſame gentleneſs as ever. Whenever I was at leiſure I was allowed to viſit *Muſtapha* at his own houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Some account of Omar *and his family, with a word concerning his fair niece.*

Omar Fetatz was about sixty years of age, he had had four wives according to the permission of the law, but they had no children by him. He followed no employment, but filled up his time in converting his slaves, and educating a niece, who was intended for the bride of some *Scherif* like him, persons of this family never marrying out of it. His family consisted of a *Spanish woman*, who was become an apostate, an *Englishman* who was near being so, a *Maltese*, and myself.

This good man had renounced all thoughts of womankind, herein following a precept of his religion, which he expounded literally; for he was no longer in a condition to comply with that excellent injunction of the *Alcoran*: *Visit your wives and concubines, for ye are as necessary to them as their vestments, and*

and they are as neceſſary to you as your veſtments. If the Grand Signior obſerved this direction ſtrictly, he would be preſſed to death under the weight of all his veſtments.

Omar, as I have before ſaid, had given me leave to go to the houſe of my old maſter, a privilege which I made uſe of as often as I could. I lived with this generous Turk not at all on the footing of one who had ever been his ſlave. With him I made myſelf amends for the abſtinence from wine which I was obliged to obſerve in the houſe of the *Scherif*, who would have thought he ſhould have merited the wrath of *God's Ambaſſador* *, if he had permitted the uſe of this forbidden liquor in his houſe; and this is not to be wondered at, in a man whoſe zeal for his religion had induced him to make three journeys to *Mecca* and *Medina* †.

Muſtapha

* This is the higheſt title the Turks can give their falſe prophet.

† In *Arabia Felix*. It is the burial place of *Mahomet*, and is diſtant from *Mecca* about 240 miles. Every Turk is obliged, by himſelf or ſubſtitute, to make a journey thither once in his life. The camel that carries the preſents ſent by every Sultan on his aſcending the throne,

Muſtapha had preſented me to his wife, not as his *quondam* ſlave, but as his friend, and this haughty woman received me with ſo much ſcorn and contempt, that if ſhe had not belonged to a man who had conferred ſo many obligations on me, and I had opportunities, I ſhould have put in practice the many winning arts nature had given me, out of pure revenge, and for the cruel ſatisfaction of ſeeing her languiſh for my perſon. But I had more regard for her huſband than to make ſo ill a requital for his friendſhip; it was enough to have ſeduced his ſiſter, without attempting the virtue of his wife: Beſides which, ſhe was no very tempting object, and I will not be ſworn that this was not a more prevailing reaſon than all the reſt.

My principal employment in the houſe

throne, is looked upon as holy. No Chriſtian is ſuffered to come within 45 miles of this place on pain of death. Above the prophet's tomb, which reſts upon the ground, they ſay, there is fixed a large loadſtone, which keeps a gold creſcent ſuſpended, by means of iron incloſed within it; this is looked upon by the vulgar as a conſtant miracle performed by God in honour of his *Ambaſſador*. But the *Derviſes*, and people who are more enlightened, underſtand well enough how it is done.

of

of *Fetatz* was to learn the *Arabic**. I ſpoke the Turkiſh language well; and with this help, and the inſtructions of my maſter, I made great progreſs in the other.

I had never yet ſeen *Nedoua*, my maſter's niece. He was very nice in the obſervance of the rules of decorum, and would have thought his ward diſhonoured, if a Chriſtian, though a ſlave, had ſeen the kinſwoman of *Mahomet* without her veil. I had ſcraped acquaintance with the Spaniſh woman, who was a ſort of governeſs to her, and ſhe commended the beauty of her pupil very much, ſo that I was very curious to judge with my own eyes, whether ſhe deſerved the encomiums paſſed on her, and which her name ſeemed to imply †.

* The *Arabic* is with the Turks what the *Latin* is to the European Nations. The learned amongſt the Jews allow that *Arabic* is the *Hebrew* in its ancient purity.

† *Nedoua* ſignifies, *as delightful as the dew of the morning.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

My converſion attempted by a female of the family—I get to the ſpeech of Mahomet's *kinſwoman.*

TO accompliſh my deſign, I endeavoured to get into the good graces of the *Spaniſh Governante*, whoſe name was *Maraquilla*; and who, having changed her religion, was ſuffered to rule *Omar*'s houſe. I ſoon became a favourite, though a rival ſtood in my way; this was no other than the *Engliſhman*, who, notwithſtanding the antipathy betwixt the two nations, was in love with *Maraquilla*, and had obtained her promiſe to marry him, as ſoon as he had followed her example in changing his religion.

The alteration which the Engliſhman remarked in her behaviour, kept him ſtedfaſt to *Calvin*. *Omar*, ſurpriſed at

finding the Engliſhman backward to embrace a faith which he had before expreſſed a great liking for, enquired the reaſon of *Maraquilla*, who readily told it him; but this information, far from being diſagreeable, was perfectly pleaſing to him.

The Turks value the converſion of a *Roman Catholic* much more than they do that of a *Calviniſt*, the religion of the latter differing leſs from *Mahometaniſm* *.

Fetatz recommended it to this female renegado to catch me if ſhe could, and not to be nice about the means. An excellent method this of making converts! *Maraquilla* was a lean, ſwarthy maiden, thirty-five years of age, according to her own reckoning: But, without diſputing the article of virginity, it was plainly to be ſeen, that ſhe had deducted the time ſhe was at nurſe and ſchool from the total of her age.

This lovely creature made ſeveral very

* This is a reflection upon the Proteſtant Church; how well founded I leave all good Proteſtants to judge. *The Tranſlator.*

plain

plain advances, but I would not ſeem to underſtand them, and that for two reaſons; the firſt, on account of her uglineſs, and the ſecond, becauſe of the riſk I ran with her as being a *Mahometan*. Since I had refuſed to marry *Zambak* and put on the turban, it is not to be wondered at if I felt great repugnance to undergo a painful operation for a woman like *Maraquilla*.

I endeavoured, however, to keep upon good terms with her. She had appointed me to wait in the apartments of *Nedoua*, but I was ſtill never the nearer; a veil, which I often curſed in my mind, was conſtantly oppoſing itſelf to my curioſity, and I had never been with her but in the preſence of *Omar*, or her Governante. I tried ſeveral methods, but without ſucceſs, when I reſolved to make uſe of the ſource of all my delights and mortifications; I mean my flagelet.

It ſeemed as if, contrary to what had happened before, my muſic made very little impreſſion on the ears of the family. I had the more reaſon to be ſurpriſed at this, becauſe it had always procured me

great attention, though often to my sorrow. I had played for several days successively till I was weary, without any person honouring me with taking notice of it. I was really vexed at being thus disregarded, and knew not what to do next, when one day being alone in the garden during the *third prayer* *, I saw a person with a veil making signs to me with an handkerchief to come near the terras † where she stood. I hastened towards her, not doubting but it was *Nedoua*, as my master and *Maraquilla* were at the mosque.

It was indeed *Nedoua*, who asked me, as soon as I was within hearing, if it was

* The *first prayer* is before sun-rise; the *second* at noon; the *third* betwixt noon and sun-set; the *fourth* after sun-set; and the *fifth* at half an hour after one in the morning. At these times the *Muezzins* go up into the Minarets of the Mosques, and turning themselves towards *Mecca* give notice, with a loud voice, for every one to go to prayers. There are no clocks in *Turkey*. The Minarets of the Mosques being very high, blind-men are usually made *Muezzins*, that they may discover nothing that is doing in the neighbouring houses.

† Every house in *Constantinople* has a flat roof to it; besides which, there is none without a terras towards the garden.

I that had for ſeveral days paſt diſturbed her with ſounds ſo harſh that they made her blood run cold. Surpriſed and diſappointed as I was, I owned the charge, telling her at the ſame time, that ſince my melody had the misfortune to diſpleaſe her ears, it ſhould for ever ceaſe; nay more, I would inſtantly break my inſtrument to pieces.

CHAP. XV.

An unſeaſonable interruption — prudence no barrier againſt deſire — Maraquilla's incontinence.

NO, no, Chriſtian, ſaid ſhe, perceiving me about to be as good as my word, I am unwilling to deprive you of an amuſement, but I could wiſh not to hear ſo ſhrill an inſtrument again. Shew it me, added ſhe, ſtooping, and ſtretching forth her hand. She was ſo high above me that I could not eaſily do as ſhe deſired; but there was a little ſhed near where I ſtood, uſed for locking up the tools of the garden. I climbed the door of this ſhed, then getting on the roof, I mounted from thence upon the terras, and all this I performed in an inſtant.

Nedoua was ſurpriſed to ſee me ſo near her, and was leaving the place, when I, gently laying hold on her cloaths, preſented my flagelet in a kneeling poſture. She took it reluctantly. After keeping

it

it ſome little time under her veil, ſhe returned it to me, and I took that opportunity of kiſſing her hand, whilſt ſhe made ſome ſlight efforts to draw it back. The other hand coming to its fellow's aſſiſtance, I ſeized and kiſſed that likewiſe. Whilſt I was thus kiſſing, firſt one hand, and then the other, I heard *Nedoua* fetch a gentle ſigh.

I aroſe from off my knees, and taking her in my arms, led her gently into her chamber. I found not the leaſt reſiſtance. I entreated her in the moſt earneſt manner, to permit me to ſee her face. Whilſt I was doing this, I heard the firſt door of her apartment unlock. This was always carefully faſtened when ſhe was left alone. Hearing this I thought it time to decamp, which I did the way I came.

I concealed myſelf in the garden, that I might recover from my hurry of ſpirits. I pleaſed myſelf with recollecting every particular circumſtance of an adventure, from which I had reaſon to promiſe myſelf ſuch happy conſequences. The ſample I had ſeen of the beauty of the prophet's kinſwoman, made me judge

highly in its favour ; and from the ſlight oppoſition with which *Nedoua* had reſiſted my deſires, I concluded, that if I could but meet with her alone once more, ſhe would be mine.

Thoſe cruel apprehenſions which were conſtantly haunting me during the courſe of my other amours, were now all vaniſhed. The fire and baſtinado appeared but as idle phantoms, fit only to diſcourage daſtardly ſouls ; mine ſeemed ſuperior to all ſuch paltry dangers.

Beſides, thought I to myſelf, what have I to fear for the conſequences of ſuch an adventure? Am I not fully prepared againſt them, in being poſſeſſed of the admirable ſecrets of *Checher-para*? I have tried them both, and am convinced of their efficacy.

Thus did I lull my fears to ſleep concerning what might be the event of the alliance I had projected with the prophet's family. I had no hopes of meeting *Nedoua* alone but on the ſame day, which was Friday. I wrote her a note, in which I begged her to feign indiſpoſition, that ſhe might not go to the

Moſque.

Mosque*. If, said I, she pretends to be ill, I am sure of her; if, on the contrary, she does not, I will wait with patience, until by my assiduity I shall have wrought her into a more favourable disposition.

Full of these flattering ideas I went to bed (for I was indulged with one in this house) and fell into a most profound sleep, which had locked up all my senses so fast, that I did not perceive *Maraquilla* had laid herself by me. I was awaked by a proceeding of hers, which was no proof of the chastity she made boast of. If at that instant my situation gave her expectations, they were in an instant frustrated, when I opened my eyes, and found *Maraquilla* not to be the charming object

* Friday is the sabbath of the *Turks*, because on that day of the week *Mahomet* was born, and was on that day driven out of *Mecca* by the *Coraisites* his countrymen, who had discovered some of his impostures. He retreated to *Yatrib*, about 180 miles from *Mecca* towards Syria, and Egypt. This memorable retreat is what the *Musulmans* name *Hegyra*, or the persecution. It began on the 6th of July, in the year of Christ 622 *Yatrib* was afterwards named *Medinal-al-Nabi*, the City of the Prophet, and now called *Medina*. *Mahomet* afterwards defeated the Jews and the Christians, and forced the *Coraisites* to sue for peace, and acknowledge him as Prince, Lawgiver, and Prophet of the *Musulmans*.

which had presented itself to my imagination during a pleasant dream.

In vain had she approached me in all the majesty of her naked charms; I returned her caresses with loathing and disgust. I judged her to be acting in concert with *Omar*; I thought I heard him at the door accompanied by the *Kadi*, and I figured to myself the parade of a circumcision, the certain consequences of being discovered in such a situation with a woman who had embraced *Mahometanism*.

So strongly was my mind impressed with these imaginations, that I certainly behaved to her in a very rough manner. I kicked her out of bed, and apostrophized her in terms which must have made her heartily ashamed of herself, if she had been capable of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Advantages of a happy preſence of mind. —*Viſit to* Muſtapha—*a converſation with* Zambak.

I Quitted my bed, and went down to the ſtable over which I lay, and there placing myſelf betwixt two horſes, waited 'till the tender *Maraquilla* ſhould think proper to go away. I waited 'till I grew impatient, and going up into my room, found nobody there; yet I was certain *Maraquilla* could not have gone out without my ſeeing her. I ſearched about, and found, half way of the height of the wall on one ſide, a kind of window, through which I judged ſhe came, and went away. I poſtponed 'till day-light a further examination into that paſſage, and ſlipped into bed, but had very little more reſt that night.

The next day I heard that *Maraquilla* was ill abed; but I did not concern myſelf about that; her abſence gave me an opportunity

opportunity to preſent my billet to *Nedoua*. I held it to her open, not chuſing to give it in any other way for fear of accidents. However, ſhe ſtretched out her hand for it, and I let it go; juſt as ſhe gave it me back *Omar* came in; we were both confounded; I let it drop, but recollecting myſelf, picked it up and ſwallowed it, obſerving to my maſter that I was practiſing one of his leſſons*. The good man was ſo much pleaſed with what I had done, that he took me in his arms and embraced me. It was no large piece of paper, ſo that I eaſily got it down.

My joy was great when from *Nedoua*'s behaviour I ſaw I had no reaſon to ſuppoſe her offended at my boldneſs. I was ſcarcely able to moderate it; and drew from her actions a favourable preſage of my future ſucceſs.

* The Turks believe the name of God is written in inviſible characters on every piece of paper they ſee lying before them. For this reaſon they pick them up, and ſwallow them; believing that when they paſs over the bridge of fire which leads to Paradiſe, every piece of paper which they ſhall have thus ſwallowed, will be placed under their feet and defend them from the violence of the flames.

Muſtapha

Muſtapha came to beg my maſter would give me leave to go with him to *Galata* for a few days. *Omar* very kindly complied with his requeſt, and I promiſed the *Scherif* to return on the Thurſday following. I was in high ſpirits; *Zambak* and *Tonton* were the ſame through joy at ſeeing me. We paſſed four or five days in mirth and feſtivity.

I underwent ſome little uneaſineſs between brother and ſiſter, who were both for having me married. To put an end to their importunities, I gave them room for hope, without making any abſolute promiſe.

Although my thoughts were wholly employed on *Nedoua*, yet I had begun to renew my old correſpondence with *Zambak*, who made many difficulties at firſt. She perſiſted in denying me every favour until I had ratified my promiſes before witneſſes of her naming. There was too great a riſk in acceding to a propoſal of that ſort, ſo I reſolved to pique her delicacy and gratitude.

Have you reaſon to doubt, ſaid I, the ſincerity of a man who has expoſed his life in the proof of his love

for

for you? I ſhall always prefer yours to every thing in the world that is moſt engaging: You have not always acted in the ſame manner. I did not mean to reproach you, continued I, obſerving her to redden; you were not able to reſiſt the proſpect of grandeur which had got the better of love and every thing elſe; nor am I able ſo ſoon to get the better of the prejudices of my education. Though I wear the habit of a ſlave, I would wiſh to have my mind at liberty. Give me time to be fully inſtructed in your religion; I am in a way of being ſo; *Omar Fetatz* does his utmoſt to make a *Muſulman* of me; but you may may be aſſured of this, that he will never be able to accompliſh his purpoſe, if you are not a more prevailing argument with me than any one he can uſe.

I ſhould not have borne the ill uſage of *Curgi Nebi* with ſo much conſtancy, added I, perceiving the widow affected by my argument, but as I entertained hopes that *Zambak* would reward my ſuffering with kindneſs; and yet this very *Zambak*, who is the object of all

my wiſhes, leaves me to ſigh in deſpair, after having gone through ſo much on her account. I then recounted, with ſome exaggeration the many blows which ſhe had been the cauſe of my receiving. I painted, in the moſt lively colours with which my imagination could furniſh me, the miſery I underwent with a limb broken in her ſervice.

Such, continued I, were my ſufferings, you know yourſelf the ſole occaſion; I think lightly of them; I am ready to ſuffer ſtill more, provided I have your love; but do not embitter my delights with ſuſpicions, which affect my mind much more than the blows your huſband gave me, did my body.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Which concludes with my becoming the Kinſman of Mahomet.

DURING this pathetic diſcourſe, which I had delivered with ſuitable action, *Zambak* had preſerved a profound ſilence, except now and then that ſhe fetched a few broken ſighs. You muſt then compleat my ruin, cried ſhe, throwing herſelf into my arms with an air of languiſhment. I reſign myſelf to your diſcretion; but remember that if you deceive me, I will ſupplicate our holy prophet to revenge me of your perfidy, by not permitting you to taſte the delights of his paradiſe.

I cared as little for the prophet, as for his paradiſe; ſo I told *Zambak* that I would ſubmit with all my heart never to ſet foot in it, if I had any deſign of deceiving her.

I had brought *Tonton* ſome drugs, with which ſhe mixed up a pot of pomatum, ſufficient to make as many

Houris as there would be occaſion for, and I took it away with me to *Conſtantinople*, whither I returned alone on Thurſday according to my promiſe. *Maraquilla* was perfectly recovered, and I now waited with impatience to hear of *Nedoua*'s ſickneſs.

At length the day which I had ſo long expected, arrived. My maſter, his niece, and *Maraquilla*, went to the moſque, from whence *Nedoua* being taken ill during the prayer, was brought back. I was as much pleaſed to hear this news, as *Omar* was alarmed at it on his return*. I learned from him that it was but a ſlight indiſpoſition, yet it would prevent her going to afternoon-prayers.

Nothing remained for me to do now, but to get the *Engliſhman* and the *Malteſe* out of the way, and then I ſhould reign maſter of the houſe during the abſence of *Omar* and *Maraquilla*, who were to go to the *Moſque* to hear the *Alcoran* read. Theſe fellows were both of them great ſots, and would never fail

* When the women go to the Moſques, which is but ſeldom, they ſtay in the galleries, or in the porticos without; the men are below.

going

going to the bagnio whenever they had money. It was my intention to furniſh them.

I attended *Omar*, and *Maraquilla* to the Moſque, and in going out took care to ſcatter about a couple of dozen of *Aſpros* * up and down the court, which my friends picked up very carefully as ſoon as they ſaw them. On my return I found them at the door; they aſked me with great eagerneſs whether I would ſtay at home, whilſt they went to the water-ſide to learn what news they could of their friends.

I was too complaiſant not to grant them ſo ſmall a favour; they went, and I bolted the door very carefully after them. When I was well aſſured that no one could come in without my leave, I flew upon the terras; from thence I went through a window that was left open into *Nedoua*'s chamber; and found her lying upon mattraſſes, aſleep, or at leaſt pretending to be ſo.—I lifted up her veil.

Never did my eyes behold ſo lovely a

* A copper coin worth about an half-penny.

ſight.

ſight. Lilies, and roſes; whatever can be imagined more beautiful, were pictured in her face. I was ſtruck with wonder on beholding ſuch a conſtellation of charms. My eyes were unable to ſtand the blaze of their luſtre, and I removed them to a boſom—ſuch a boſom—I muſt leave it to your imagination, gentle reader, to finiſh the piece; I am at a loſs to proceed further in a portrait that calls for the hand of a greater maſter.

Nedoua's charms were in the bloom of ſixteen; ſhe awoke, and turning her eyes towards me, I thought all heaven was opening upon me.

My tongue refuſed to perform its office, and it was in vain I eſſayed to utter the tranſports of my ſoul. Without knowing what I did, I fell proſtrate at the feet of this divine creature. A little recovered, I ventured to caſt a look of timidity on her; encouraged with a gracious ſmile, I beheld the ſun of her charms with undazzled eyes.

The niece of *Omar* ſtretched forth her hand with a childiſh air, and I ſeemed as if I would devour it with my kiſſes.

Though

Though naturally bold, not to ſay impudent, in my behaviour to the Turkiſh ladies, yet the lovely *Nedoua* had inſpired me with an unuſual awe. This awe however, was vaniſhing very faſt, and I had already offered ſome liberties which were far from being ill received.

I was not ſo eaſily ſatisfied—*Ettin bene Zaboun* *, cried *Nedoua* in a tone of pleaſure wrought up to pain—In ſhort, I found myſelf at the *ne plus ultra* of delight, and one of the prophet's family.

* I am ſick.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Diſtreſs of Mahomet's *kinsfolks*—Maraquilla's *conſtancy*.

THE *Scherif*'s niece had all the ſimplicity of her years. She propoſed a number of queſtions in a ſtrain of pure nature concerning that mixture of pleaſure with pain which ſhe had juſt experienced. A great talker would have taken up her time with a tedious explanation of the phyſical cauſe of this phenomenon; fortunately for her, I was not ſuch a one; I made her comprehend it, much more to her ſatisfaction, by a few practical leſſons.

Our cup of ſweets was daſhed with bitter. An accident which I had not provided againſt, threw us both into a dreadful conſternation. There are certain moments when we cannot think of every thing.

I had thought of *Nedoua*'s ſimar, and drawers, but had neglected the mattraſſes of white ſatten on which ſhe lay.

That

That which had ſupported the burden of our loves, diſcovered convincing proofs of its having been thus employed. I trembled at the teſtimony of ſuch a witneſs. In vain did I waſh it; in vain did I rub it; I only made its evidence more plain and clear.

Nedoua, who, notwithſtanding all her ſimplicity, ſoon perceived the cauſe of my fright, increaſed my perplexity with her tears. What with the trouble I had to quiet her fears, and the labour I underwent in corrupting a witneſs ſo ſtrongly againſt us, I was in a ſituation truly deplorable. At laſt I reſolved to put it out of the way. It might be miſſed; but what then? ſuch a piece of furniture may be loſt, or moved out of its place.

I had got to my apartment, reſolved to hide it where it ſhould never be found, but obſerving ſome fowls which I had the care of, it came into my head to throw this mattraſs or cuſhion upon one which I would kill, and lay under the terras. Accordingly I laid it very exactly upon the blood of the ſtrangled fowl, and inſtructed *Nedoua* to ſay that, having

having placed it on the balcony to lean upon, she let it fall over.

When I thought my master and *Maraquilla* were returning from the Mosque I left the beautiful *Nedoua*, first making her perform the ablutions* directed by the law, but to another purpose. They came back, and my stratagem passed off very well.

However, I was far from being perfectly easy. I feared lest *Nedoua* should unwarily discover to *Maraquilla* what it concerned me much she should be ignorant of. Through her jealousy I should have been infallibly ruined. The honour of relationship to the prophet has not procured me the favour of his posterity.

That night *Maraquilla* came to my room: I received her rather better this second time, as I thought she came to bring me news, and as I might stand in need of her friendship. Her discourse was only of her passion; I gave her

* Mahomet is regardless, so the body be kept clean, whether the soul be impure or no; a man and woman who should not wash themselves after their embraces, would be looked upon as *mordars* that is, unclean.

hopes,

hopes, and that was all. I know not whether ſhe had conceived as great a paſſion for the Engliſhman, but according to her declaration, there was nothing ſhe would not do, provided ſhe could be mine.

The firſt objection I made was difference of religion; in return to this ſhe offered to give up *Mahomet*, and return to the religion of her fathers. Here I interrupted her by repreſenting the danger to which ſhe would expoſe herſelf; for ſhould a Chriſtian turn renegado, and afterwards abjure *Mahometaniſm*, he would be burnt alive, if laid hold on by the Turks. *Maraquilla* then propoſed returning within the pale of the church, as ſoon as we ſhould regain our liberty, to accompliſh which ſhe had a number of projects, all very eaſy in the relation.

CHAP

CHAP XIX.

Maraquilla *plans an eſcape—The kinsfolks of* Mahomet *ſee each other every night.*

I Suffered *Maraquilla* to give a ſcope to her invention; ſhe came to me every day with ſome freſh plan; I conſtantly raiſed difficulties, which only ſerved to ſet her invention at work. Her favourite ſcheme was to diſguiſe ourſelves, and fly to the French ambaſſador's; from whence we might eaſily get into France. She had no mind to go to Spain, for fear of the inquiſition. To this ſcheme was annexed the plan of a robbery, which we were to commit together upon the effects of our maſter, a robbery that would make us and our children eaſy for our lives. Such was the door through which *Maraquilla* intended to eſcape back again into Chriſtianity. She quitted the ſcruples of her conſcience on the ſubject of this projected theft by repreſenting it in the light of a repriſal, the Infidels having, when they

took her, deprived her of a great deal of wealth which ſhe was carrying home from *Mexico*.

I ſhould have joined in any attempt to eſcape, which had been well concerted, and in which there had been the leaſt probability of ſucceſs, but I had not the ſmalleſt pretenſions to make repriſals on the Turks, as they had never robbed me of any thing beſides liberty. Therefore as well for the ſake of my conſcience, as on account of the little likelihood of effecting our eſcape, I left the direction of theſe plans to her that had invented them, waiting patiently to gain my freedom by ſome lucky turn, or through the generoſity of *Muſtapha*, whoſe ſlave I made no doubt I ſhould again be. In the mean time I amuſed *Maraquilla* for the ſake of *Nedoua*.

I had found means to viſit that lovely creature by night, without the knowledge of any one. My room was ſeparated from *Omar*'s apartment by a ſmall gallery which was made no uſe of; it was along that gallery that *Maraquilla* came to me, after paſſing through the window already mentioned. *Maraquilla* had the key of

the

the door out of it into *Nedoua*'s chamber, which joined to her's. I had intended to pass that way to visit *Omar*'s niece, but I must either have got the key from *Maraquilla* by some stratagem, or have laid her asleep. The first was attended with some risk, the latter more practicable; I could easily have given the Spanish woman opium, and visited her ward whilst she slept, but that too had its inconveniencies. After much study I found out a method greatly better than either.

The garden gate was regularly shut every night; from the garden I could climb up to the terras, but to get into the garden was the difficulty; to force the gate was impossible; it was equally so to procure the key of it; how then was I to get in? Through the cellar window—That was the way I took. The cellar was under a part of the house; it had two windows, one towards the court, the other looking into the garden. By means of a cord with a couple of hooks, I climbed up to one window, and lowered myself down into the garden from the other; from the garden I gained the

terras, and creeping through a window I was preſently in *Nedoua*'s chamber.

What a ſweet girl was this couſin of the prophet! She aſked for a boy to add to the number of the *Scherifs* with an air of ſo much ſimplicity, that I could ſcarcely keep from laughing in her face. To pleaſe her, I told her I had been endeavouring to give her that ſatisfaction, but if ſhe expected to have her wiſhes fulfilled, ſhe muſt obſerve a moſt exact ſecrecy; this ſhe very cordially promiſed.

Another fancy of her's was; that we ſhould both declare to our couſin *Mahomet*, that the real intention of our mutual embraces was to raiſe up ſeed to him.

CHAP. XX.

A remarkable precept of the Mahometan *law*——Mahomet's *couſin leads a joyous life.*

ABOUT this time I made a pleaſant diſcovery, of a nature, with which I was till then unacquainted. My knowledge of women in France was very ſuperficial; I had never known but ſuch of their charms as they did not ſtrive to conceal; and never having had any intimacy but with Muſulman-ladies, I did not know that ladies profeſſing the Chriſtian faith were poſſeſſed of a certain natural ornament, which *Mahometans* of both ſexes are obliged, by expreſs command of their law, to forego.

I cannot think what *Mahomet* had taken in his head, when he laid this injunction on his followers. The ornament I ſpeak of is ſo charming in itſelf, that the eye dwells upon it with delight. The founder of the Order of the *Golden*

*Fleece** had certainly an high opinion of it.

Be that as it will, *Maraquilla* having changed her religion, was obliged to conform in this reſpect; and I found her one day before a glaſs, complying with the precept here ſpoken of. *Mahomet* has ordered that both ſexes perform the operation themſelves. The Turks make uſe of a razor, or pincers. They have beſides a certain earth, which, mixed with orpiment, produces the ſame effect. But the frequent uſe of this is attended with diſagreeable circumſtances; they therefore prefer the razor, or a little ſmarting, to a compoſition which renders

* Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, inſtituted the order of the Golden Fleece at Bruges, in 1429, at the time of the rejoicings for his marriage with Iſabella of Portugal. The occaſion of it is ſaid to be the diſcovery of a certain Fleece upon the toilet of a lady; which the courtiers laughing at very heartily, he told them he would make an order of it, which they ſhould all be proud to wear. The fleece of a ſheep, pendant to a collar, compoſed of guns and flints, is the enſign of this Order of Knighthood; with the following device, *Pretium non vile laborum.* This order is now common to all the Princes of the houſe of Auſtria, deſcended from Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

the

the parts like morocco leather, and ſometimes leaves ugly marks behind.

Maraquilla, as much ſurprized at being diſcovered as I was at the diſcovery, explained the meaning of it to me. I exhorted her not to neglect a ceremony ſo eſſential to the religion ſhe had embraced, a ceremony too which would prove to the *Scherif* her being in earneſt in her converſion.

I do not think our Ladies in France would as readily ſubmit to a point of doctrine ſo abſurd in itſelf.

What ſlave could be happier than I was? My amorous labours were divided betwixt *Zambak* and *Nedoua*; *Maraquilla* was at my ſervice. My employment in the family could hardly be called work; I amuſed myſelf frequently with *Muſtapha*, and Arabic went on as it would. The remembrance of my native country was loſt amidſt theſe pleaſures. *Omar*'s zeal was not in the leaſt abated though I was ſtill incredulous, and his ridiculous diſcourſes were the only mortifications I underwent.

Felicity like mine was too great to be of long duration.

A ſhocking cataſtrophe well nigh threw me into perdition, and made me feel all the horrors of a miſerable death.

CHAP. XXI.

The Couſins of Mahomet diſcovered—— Tragical conſequences of the intrigue.

THE eaſe with which I introduced myſelf every night into *Nedoua*'s apartment, and the ſatisfaction I found in the poſſeſſion of ſo charming a creature, had rendered me perfectly careleſs with regard to *Maraquilla*. The amorous *Caſtilian* had come two or three times to my room, without finding me there. She was ſurprized at it, but took no notice to me, and placed herſelf on the watch in the gallery. She ſaw me paſs through the cellar windows; and the next night watched in the garden, the key of which ſhe kept. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me ſcale the terras, ſhe was no longer in doubt of the object of my nightly

nightly viſits, and the cauſe of her being ſlighted.

Stung with jealouſy, *Maraquilla* was reſolved upon my ruin. One night whilſt I was ſleeping, in all the ſecurity of unſuſpecting love, in the arms of the *Scherif*'s niece, he came, and gave me a ſtab in the ſide with a dagger. Rouſed by ſo dreadful a ſummons, I inſtantly perceived the danger I was in. *Omar*, now certain of my guilt, had changed his accuſtomed mildneſs into rage, and was lifting up his arm to repeat his blow, when *Nedoua*, awakened by my cries, threw herſelf towards her uncle, and received it in her arm.

The furious *Scherif* had now wrought himſelf up to a pitch of madneſs. He was endeavouring, with all his ſtrength, to pull me from the cloſe embrace of his niece, whoſe body, white as alabaſter, covered mine all over blood. The jealous *Maraquilla*, who had not been aware of the fatal effects of her maſter's anger, ſtood motionleſs like a ſtatue, with a light in her hand.

Recovered from a ſurprize, which on ſuch an occaſion is not to be wondered at,

at, I loſt all thoughts of my own preſervation in my endeavours to ſave *Nedoua*, who had received a ſecond blow from her uncle, which had brought her to the ground. I was ſtronger than him, and, notwithſtanding my wound, wreſted his weapon from him, though not until he had given me another in my thigh.

The ſight of my own blood, and of *Nedoua* extended without ſigns of life, excited in me a degree of fury I had never experienced before. I attacked the *Scherif* in my turn, and, with two blows of the dagger, revenged myſelf of his barbarity towards me, and towards a lovely creature, whoſe ſituation at that time was capable of diſarming brutality itſelf.

I am unable to deſcribe my ſufferings in mind and body at that moment. On one ſide I beheld an object I adored weltering in her gore; on the other, a cruel Turk expiring with the wounds I had given. A crowd of reflections, each more cruel than the other, came ruſhing upon me. Death, the certain conſequence of that which I had occaſioned; a lovely creature dying of wounds received

ceived in attempting my preſervation; dread of the one, grief for the other, kepi my mind in a ſtate of horrid agitation.

Beſmeared with *Omar*'s blood, with his niece's, and my own, I was certainly a frightful ſpectacle. *Maraquilla*, the cauſe of this ſcene of blood, was unable to bear the ſight of it, and ſlunk away unobſerved. I ſtopped *Nedoua*'s bleeding with whatever preſented itſelf to my hands. That lovely creature diſcovered more ſenſibility under our misfortunes, than ſhe had done in the ſucceſsfnl progreſs of our loves; and, without paying regard to her own wounds, ſeemed only attentive to mine.

A confuſed ſound of voices, and a ſtronger light than that which had illuminated this tragic ſcene, ſtriking my eyes and ears at that inſtant, I quitted *Nedoua*, and took up the dagger, putting myſelf in a poſture of defence, having reſolved not to be eaſily taken, but to ſell my life as dear as I could.

Omar's neighbours had aſſembled themſelves on hearing *Maraquilla*'s cries, and were haſtening into the chamber.

At

At the ſight of two bodies bathed in ſtreams of gore, and a figure like mine, the boldeſt of them made a ſtand. Repreſent to yourſelf, reader, a bloody figure holding a poniard in his hand, his eyes darting rage, fury and revenge pictured in his countenance, threatening to plunge his weapon in the breaſt of him who ſhould be raſh enough to approach him; and confirming theſe menaces by his poſture.—Such was my appearance. They retreatd with more haſte than they came. I turned to look to my dear *Nedoua*.

The apprehenſions of her death conſpired, with the blood I loſt, to deprive me of ſenſation; and I fell between the dead body of *Omar*, and the dying one of his niece.

We had ſoon aſſiſtance. *Nedoua*'s wounds were dreſſed to preſerve her life, and mine that I might be given up to an exemplary death. The vindictive *Maraquilla* had diſcovered the occaſion of *Omar*'s death, and I was fully convicted of criminality with a *Mahometan* woman, and of the murder of a Turk, deſcended from the moſt reſpected family.

There seemed no possibility of eluding the punishment due to crimes of so aggravated a nature.

CHAP. XXII.

The method I took to escape from punishment.

MY adventure was soon publickly known. *Mustapha* and his sister were, perhaps, the only Turks who pitied me. My fellow-slaves lamented my hard fortune, and one of them, who was a *Cordelier*, came to visit me in prison, but could give me no other comfort than that I must die by the most cruel torments. I knew there were no hopes. If it is death for a Christian to lift up a hand against a Turk, thought I, what must he expect who first dishonours one, and then kills him? To apostatize would be of no use under such circumstances; death is all I can expect.

The

The *Cordelier*'s eloquence prevailed so far, that in an age when life is ſweeteſt, I had reſolved to reſign myſelf to death with conſtancy, however cruel it might be. I was to receive five hundred ſtrokes on the ſoles of my feet, and to be impaled in a ſitting * poſture, my noſe and ears being firſt cut off.

My wounds were regularly dreſſed, and I was taken care of with reſpect to food; the Turks in this matter acting towards me as the Heathens did to their victims which they offered up at the altars of their Deities.

The day of my execution was now approaching, when the *Cordelier* delivered me a note, which had been given to him by a woman with a veil on. In this note I was adviſed, as I valued my

* There are two methods of impaling. The mildeſt, becauſe the criminal is ſooneſt diſpatched, is when the ſtake paſſes out at the ſtomach, or between the ſhoulders. The moſt cruel, when it does not go above half through the body, ſo that when the ſtake is fixed upright, the malefactor appears to be ſitting. The hands are left at liberty to encreaſe, if poſſible, this cruel puniſhment. I ſaw a *Kalmuck Tartar* ſuffer in this way, who was ſix days dying in the greateſt miſery imaginable.

life,

life, to counterfeit madneſs, The *Franciſcan* and I conſulted together on the contents. and it was reſolved that I ſhould purſue the advice. It could be attended with no inconvenience, and the *Cordelier* promiſed to inform himſelf ſecretly whether it could be of ſervice to me. I begged him to go to *Muſtapha*, who, I concluded, had given this hint.

This dear friend aſſured my meſſenger, that the perſons of people out of their ſenſes were held ſacred, and that if I could perſuade thoſe about me that I was mad, I had nothing to fear. Accordingly I ſet about it, and chooſing a pleaſant kind of madneſs, was guilty of all the laughable extravagancies my ſpirits, and the weak ſtate of my body, were capable of producing.

I recounted ſtories to my goalers full as ridiculous as thoſe of the *Alcoran*. I made them dance with me, and played ſo many monkey's tricks, that they ſoon had faith in my madneſs. The charitable *Franciſcan*, for his part, gave out every where that the fear of death had turned my head, and that I laughed at

his

his diſcourſes, which I had always before treated very reſpectfully.

The report reached the ſlaves, and was ſoon ſpread throughout the city, where many an idle perſon was looking forward to the day of my execution as to an holiday.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Mufti's *deciſion upon my pretended loſs of reaſon——I become* fool *to that head of the* Mahometan *religion.*

MY affair was of that conſequence that it was brought before the *Mufti**. That head of the *Muſulman* faith, had, from his own authority, delayed my execution until he ſhould judge of my madneſs. It was no eaſy matter to blind a man ſo clear ſighted, that he was able ſingly to find his way through the obſcure path of the *Alcoran*.

* He is the Turkiſh Pope, and is well acquainted with the moſt hidden myſteries contained in the *Alcoran*. There is no point of religion, however difficult, which he cannot decide, and from his deciſion there is no appeal. The Grand Signior riſes up, and advances ſome ſteps to receive him; however, he can make a new *Muſti* whenever he thinks fit. In 1634 *Amurath* IV. had one ſtrangled. In 1703 *Sultan Achmet* III. cauſed the *Mufti Omar Albouki* and his ſon to be ſtrangled. This pontiff pronounces ſentence of death againſt the Sultans, and orders the execution of theſe ſentences; for example, *Oſman* in 1622, and *Ibrahim* in 1648, were ſtrangled, upon the then *Mufti*'s declaring they ought to be put to death.

This

This piece of information I got from the *Cordelier*, with whom I converſed in Latin, when in the preſence of witneſſes. To the people who gave money, and came in crowds to ſee me, I ſpoke in *lingua franca*, and the Turkiſh language. My gaolers wiſhed for nothing more than a reſpite of the ſentence of the *Kadileſker*, who had condemned me to die.

I thought it might be of ſervice to me to make intereſt with this new Judge; accordingly I employed the Cordelier to find out *Muſtapha*, and beg him to prevail with his ſiſter to write to the Sultaneſs *Lale*, who had raiſed the *Muſti* to that dignity. I knew thoſe two ladies kept up a correſpondence with each other, and I did not doubt but *Zambak*, who had granted me ſuch particular favours, would indulge me with this, notwithſtanding my infidelity to her.

As I had imagined ſhe wrote to the Sultaneſs, and the Sultaneſs to the *Mufti*; ſo that when I was brought before this interpreter of the law, he more than half believed me to be a fool. My extravagancies confirmed what the Sul-

taneſs

taneſs *Lale* had ſaid of me, ſo that in ſpite of the *Nakib** and all his family, the venerable *Mufti* made out his *Fetfa*†, in which he declared, that he was fully convinced I was out of my ſenſes, and that I could not ſuffer the death I juſtly deſerved conſiſtently with the law.

Thus in an inſtant was I delivered from the apprehenſions of a death, which had been always preſent to my mind for more than a month. I had preſence of mind enough not to diſcover any ſigns of joy at this good news, which I affected to receive with regret; I put myſelf in a poſture to receive the baſtinado, and I pretended ſorrow becauſe they would not impale me.

My madneſs appeared ſo pleaſant to the *Muſulman*-Pontiff, that he reſolved to have me in his ſervice. *Muſtapha* had intended to procure me for himſelf, but he could not interfere with the *Muſti*'s purchaſe, who bargained for me with the heirs of *Omar*.

* The head of the deſcendants of *Mahomet*.
† A deciſion which has the force of a law.

Thus

Thus was I conſtituted by virtue of my office *Fool in ordinary*. There was a neceſſity for filling it for ſome time, and I ſet about it with ſo much attention, that I was near loſing my ſenſes in earneſt.

My employment, which was to procure matter of merriment for my maſter, gave me full liberty, which I was careful not to abuſe at firſt. His *haram* was full of very fine women, whom I affected to ſhun. He had me brought before them, that I might afford them diverſion; but I pretended to be ſo much diſguſted at their ſight, that he began to fancy I diſcovered, with the little glimmering of reaſon I had remaining, that this was the bewitching ſex which had nearly cauſed my death. This notion had taken ſuch ſtrong hold of his mind, that he permitted me to go wherever I would, being firmly of opinion, that my averſion to women would always make me avoid them.

My affair had made a great noiſe in *Conſtantinople*, as is commonly the caſe in great cities; but it happened there as in other places; it was at firſt the converſation

verſation of every one, it afterwards gave place to ſome other topic, and at laſt I was as little talked of as any other ſlave.

I reſolved, however, to ſuſtain my character of fool, as well for my ſecurity, as becauſe it would give me acceſs every where when I ſhould be permitted to go about the city. My late danger had taught me a little prudence, and I hoped, by means of my pretended loſs of reaſon, to get a nearer view of the ladies deſtined to miniſter to the pleaſures of this Turkiſh Saint.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Account of the Mufti's *family—mad frolicks played by the* Kinſman of Mahomet.

THIS living Comment on the *Alcoran* had four wives, and as many concubines; of the firſt one was a *Georgian**, the ſecond a *Circaſſian*†, the third a *Fleming*, and the fourth a *Dutch woman*. Theſe were more *ſuits* than a man near his grand climacteric could have occaſion for; I therefore took upon me to help him to diſcharge his duty towards them.

I had never ſeen the wives here ſpoken of but with their veils down; as to the

* *Georgia* is ſituated between the *Caſpian* ſea and *Mingrelia*. *Theflis* is the capital of that part which belongs to the Turks. The *Georgian* women are reckoned the moſt beautiful of *Aſia*; as ſoon as they are grown up their parents ſell them in *Turkey* or *Perſia*.

† *Circaſſia* is an extenſive country bounded by the *Euxine*-ſea, Mount *Caucaſus*, the *Caſpian*-ſea, and the *Palus Mæotis*. The Circaſſian women are famous for the great beauty of their breaſts, which preſerve their firmneſs to an advanced age.

concubines, they were not admitted to any particular ſhare of their maſter's favour, ſo were ſuffered to go about on their parole of honour; of theſe there was but one, a *Venetian* girl, that attracted my notice.

I often aſſiſted the ſlaves in their work, though I had no occaſion to do it; and I would ſometimes employ myſelf in the hardeſt labour, refuſing that which was light and eaſy. This proceeding, ſo unlike the behaviour of one who was in his right ſenſes, promoted my ſcheme; yet I never took this pains but when ſomebody of conſequence in the houſe was by to obſerve me. I was laughed at, but it did not ſignify; I went on, and ſeemed not to regard it.

During the time I was under confinement I had not parted with my flagelet; not that I took any pains to preſerve it; but it had not been taken from out of my pocket, and there I found it now that I wanted it. My maſter's gardens echoed with all the ſprightly airs I was able to perform. The women believing I had an averſion for them, played me every day ſome trick or other, which I

was

was ſure to return in a rude manner, eſpecially when there were many of them together, which was generally the caſe.

One day whilſt I was in the garden, they joined hands, and formed a circle round me; I feigned a deſire of eſcaping from the midſt of them, but it was far from being really my wiſh; a man with my warmth of conſtitution would hardly want to break through a barrier formed of eight women, neither dreſſed nor naked, yet half one and half the other. I pretended, however, to make ſome attempts, but they were faint ones. I firſt attacked one, and then the other; now and then I took ſome liberties, which exciting their laughter, made me conclude I ſhould have no difficulty in ſucceeding with any one I ſhould meet alone.

I indulged myſelf in a ſport which was pleaſing to every one of us, when I ſaw my maſter at a diſtance, who came towards us, attended by his eunuchs. Thinking it time to have done with our play, I did then what I might have done any time before; I broke from the wo-

men,

men, who ran after me. I continued running wildly up and down, till coming near one of the eunuchs, I ruſhed againſt him, and he falling back upon his maſter, both came to the ground. The women ſcreamed out at ſeeing them fall, and, running up to their ſovereign, enquired eagerly whether he was hurt; as for me, I ran away, and hid myſelf in the houſe.

Our maſter made very light of his fall; the ladies appeared ſo well ſatisfied with the diverſion that they had taken with me, that he encouraged them in uſing every opportunity to frolick with me. He was pleaſed with having it in his power to furniſh them with an amuſement, which ſeemed not likely to be attended with any bad conſequences, and which might, in ſome meaſure, take off their thoughts from one of another kind he could not ſo eaſily procure them.

Indeed theſe poor creatures were greatly to be pitied, in that they were each obliged to take an eighth part of what, undivided, was ſcarcely enough for any one of them.

CHAP. XXV.

More frolicks betwixt the Kinſman of Mahomet, *and the* Mufti's *wives.*

BECOME more bold by the ſucceſs of this laſt attempt, I concealed myſelf in the garden, every corner of which I knew perfectly well, and lay on the watch, to ſee if I could pick up a ſtray ſheep belonging to the flock of this *Muſulman* ſhepherd. One morning that I was on the look-out behind a little arbour, I ſaw the *Circaſſian* come into it; after ſhe had obeyed the call of ſome little neceſſity, ſhe looked round and eſpied me in my lurking-place. I moved towards her, and ſhe from me. However, leſt we ſhould be ſurprized, or that ſhe ſhould prove a blab, I took a different path from her.

I did not go far before I turned back, when I perceived ſhe had done the ſame. I fancied I ſaw in the eyes of that fair *Tartar* none of the ferocity her nation is

taxed

taxed with. I haſtened towards her; ſhe did the ſame towards me, and we met half-way. As ſoon as we were near enough, ſhe flung her arms round my neck with an expreſſion, the meaning of which I comprehended in its full force.

The place was convenient; the opportunity favourable; I took advantage of the one, and did not let the other ſlip: all this without exchanging a word on either ſide. At parting, the *Circaſſian* clapped her finger to her mouth by way of recommending ſilence. She had not forgot the place; for ſhe came the next day; and ſhe remembered the hour. If we ſpoke more at this interview, than at that of the day before, we did leſs. This was not my fault, but *Fatima*'s*, the chief wife of my maſter, who came upon us unawares.

At the ſight of her the *Tartar* flung from my embrace, and turning to ſtop

* The memory of *Fatima*, *Mahomet*'s only daughter, is held in ſuch eſteem amongſt the Turks, that almoſt all of them give this name to their daughters. They obſerve never to give it to Renegados, for fear they ſhould profane the ſanctity of it, by returning to their former religion.

her I beheld this *Turkiſh* lady. I was ſtartled at this unexpected interruption, my fear increaſed, and I was ſcarcely able to ſtand. However, *Fatima* ſtopped the *Circaſſian*, and had no difficulty in doing the ſame by me, for I was now rivetted where I ſtood. She placed herſelf betwixt us, put an arm round each of our necks, and bringing her face towards mine, cried *Al ben i Okche**. Theſe words ſomewhat diſſipated my fears, but I could not ſtill help trembling. *Mameck* (that was the *Tartar*'s name) was much ſooner recovered from her ſurprize; ſhe readily perceived the conſequence it was of that *Fatima* ſhould go away well ſatisfied. Every thing conſidered I did not do ſo much amiſs; at leaſt I acquitted myſelf better than my maſter; and *Fatima* acknowledged that ſhe was well enough pleaſed.

The two ladies appeared to be perfect friends; they agreed to admit of no partners in their felicity, and I for my part promiſed to be very diſcreet.

* Love me likewiſe.

Mameck

Mameck went away with *Fatima*, not very well pleaſed with her viſit, the intent of which had been intirely fruſtrated, and what was more, ſhe was under an obligation to divide a treaſure, of which ſhe had hoped to be ſole proprietreſs.

CHAP. XXVI.

More adventures in the Mufti's *gardens.*

THE gardens* of the *Mufti* were large, and kept in the moſt exact order; the ſlaves who worked in them, went out always at the times the women came in to walk; which were in the morning betwixt the firſt and ſecond prayers, and in the evening, after the fourth. At theſe times I uſually was in them, ſometimes with my maſter, and often without. When I was with him, I ſtudiouſly avoided the women, and he amuſed himſelf with ſeeing the eunuchs hold me whilſt they were by; in his abſence I behaved in another manner.

* The Turks obſerve little regularity in laying out their gardens. Trees and flowers are every where intermixed; they have always arbours, and retired walks in them, with a great number of fountains. The trees for the moſt part are cypreſſes, which ſpread a thick ſhade, and hide the view of the neighbouring houſes.

Fatima,

Fatima, and *Mameck* came every morning singly to the rendezvous. In the evening I usually resorted to a part of the gardens which these ladies did not frequent. I read in the actions and countenances of these poor immured damsels, a similarity of disposition with that of *Mameck*, and her friend, the secret of whose correspondence with me they were unacquainted with. At a time when I thought myself unobserved, I gave one of them several significative looks, which were instantly answered according to my wish. I wanted now only an opportunity, and that I strove for all in my power.

One evening after having afforded diversion to my master, and some *Begs* * who came to pay him a visit, I had retired to the part of the garden farthest from the house, in order to take some repose after the fatigues of the day, and was sleeping in a cool grotto, when I was awaked by the sound of female voices. I looked round me, but saw no

*Begs, or as it is commonly written *Beys*, are Turkish grandees.

one; directed however by the noiſe, I crept gently to the place whence it iſſued, and perceived the *Georgian* and *Dutchwoman* in high diſpute, the one in good *Turkiſh*, the other in her *broken* manner.

I went betwixt them, and underſtanding that I was the ſubject of their conteſt, I endeavoured to make them friends. Each gave her ſeparate reaſons, which I found of equal weight, becauſe they tended to a point I had ſo long ſought after. I propoſed an accommodation that gave riſe to freſh diſputes. They could only ſucceed one to the other, and as I declared that I would throw the handkerchief firſt to the *Georgian*, who was far the handſomeſt, her rival would by no means yield her the preference.

It is ſometimes impoſſible to make women hearken to reaſon. If I could have made theſe have done ſo, I would have got them to draw lots, but they were each reſolved to be firſt, and only one could be ſo.

The *Georgian* founded her pretenſions on being the firſt who had diſcovered

me, and therefore ſaid ſhe ought to have the preference; on the other hand, the *Dutch-woman* threatened to diſcover all if ſhe had it not. Betwixt both of them I was never more at a loſs how to act.

At length I fell upon an expedient to reconcile them. I had taken too much exerciſe that day to give me room to ſuppoſe I could pleaſe them alike, for which reaſon, and out of regard to my own reputation and quiet, as well as to put an end to the diſpute, I propoſed to adjourn our meeting to the next day at the ſame hour, when I made them agree, that the firſt who ſhould be at the rendezvous, ſhould have the regard paid her, which was due to her punctuality. The *Dutchwoman* ſeemed little ſatisfied with a fool's deciſion, and though ſhe conſented to the condition, ſhe left me with great coolneſs, which I attributed chiefly to the effect of her native climate. On the contrary, the *Georgian* aſſured me with her eyes that ſhe would not fail to be early enough, and indeed ſo ſhe was.

The *Mufti* had not long before purchaſed her, and to judge of his beha-

viour to the others, by the little attention he had ſhewn to her charms, it was not to be wondered at that his women were ſo fond of me.

The *Dutchwoman* finding ſhe was too late, waited patiently for her turn, according to the tenor of the agreement made the day before.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Mufti *dies*—*The* Kinſman of Mahomet *becomes again the* Grand Signior's *property*—*miſſes preferment in the* Seraglio—*is beſtowed as the reward of dexterity.*

I Was inceſſantly on the watch to enſnare the other birds which fluttered up and down the aviary of this venerable old man, when his ſudden death put an end to my ſport. His ſon was ſuſpected of haſtening his departure to paradiſe, in order to ſucceed to his office. This unnatural child did not ſeem to reflect, that employments in Turkey are not hereditary; but he had formed to himſelf hopes of ſucceeding to this high office becauſe his father had beeen known to entruſt him with ſome ſecrets of conſequence to the ſtate. The *Grand Signior* was however too wiſe to appoint a man infamous for his debaucheries

to

to ſo important a truſt. This unhappy man only enjoyed a ſmall part of that immenſe wealth which his father had been accumulating in the courſe of his diſcharge of the moſt lucrative office in the empire.

In the diſtribution of the deceaſed *Mufti*'s riches, I fell once more to the lot of his ſublime highneſs. Fortune, that ſtill continued to perſecute me, failed, however, to procure me an honour which I ſhould have been ſorry to have received. I was very near being appointed to an office purpoſely made on my account, and never heard of before in the empire. Mutes and dwarfs have from time immemorial been received into the *Seraglio*, fools never. I was to have been appointed *Hamako-baſha* *. If I had once been introduced within the walls of the *Seraglio*, I muſt have expected to have remained there for life.

I was preſented to the *Ottoman* † Monarch

* Firſt fool of the empire

† This Prince was *Achmet* III, depoſed in 1730. Turks muſt be treated like Negroes; the extraordinary mildneſs and great popularity of Sultan *Achmet* occaſioned the fall

Monarch for this purpoſe, but had the good fortune not to pleaſe him. He had been informed of the manner of my loſing my wits, and perhaps did not think it prudent to admit a fool like me into his *Seraglio*.

fall of the beſt Prince who ever ſat on the throne of the *Ottoman* empire. The following is in brief the hiſtory of that great event. *Patrona Calil*, a poor *Baltagis*, or wood-cutter, was drinking in a coffee-houſe with four or five fellows of his own ſtamp. They took it in their heads that the Grand Signior, and his Viſier *Ibrahim Paſha*, did not govern as they ought to do. Fired with theſe notions they took arms, ran to the great moſque, ſeized upon *Mahomet*'s ſtandard, and went about the city, crying out againſt the tyranny of the government. In leſs than two hours they were joined by five hundred, and before night were four thouſand ſtrong. *Achmet* was at *Scutari* reviewing 30,000 Tartars ordered into *Perſia*; on hearing the news of this inſurrection, he returned privately to the *Seraglio*, and ſent the Viſier's head to the mutineers. This did not ſatisfy them, but the *Janizaries*, always ready to revolt, joing the troop of *Patrona*, they together forced the *Seraglio*, took *Achmet* from thence, and ſhut him up in the Seven Towers, placing his uncle *Mahmouth* on the Throne. This Prince raiſed *Patrona*, who had promiſed him the honour of his protection, to the office of Grand Viſier, and beſtowed the moſt conſiderable employments of the empire on his accomplices, but ſoon after had them all ſtrangled in the *Seraglio*. He recalled the former officers who had fled before *Patrona*, and cut off the heads of about 4,000 Rebels. *Achmet* died ſoon after of grief.

I was

I was presented to him in the square where the exercise of the *Girit** is performed, and this Prince gave me to a *Janizary* who acquitted himself dexterously. The *Janizary* was not indeed very well pleased with his reward, but did not fail to return many thanks to the Sultan, and carried me home with him.

* A Javelin. It is, besides, the name of a square at the entrance of the outer Seraglio, where any Turk is at liberty to go and perform this and every sort of exercise in presence of the Sultan, who always rewards those whom he thinks deserving.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

My reception in the family of the Janizary.

THERE, said he to some women on entring the house, there is what I have got for the best cast with a Javelin I ever made in my life. Well, replied an old woman who seemed to be the very picture of ill-nature, you must sell him; don't you think you shall get fifty sequins for him? Yes, answered the *Janizary*, perhaps I might, if he was not out of his senses. Why, this is the *Giaiour* who killed the *Scherif Omar* on being caught a-bed with his niece. As soon as he had uttered these last words, two young women who had not interfered with the conversation came close to me, and looked earnestly in my face. The old woman imagining, I suppose, that they were pleased with my person, drove them hastily out of the room, and gave me several blows.

Far from resenting her behaviour, I took hold of her hands and pretended to make her dance.

The *Janizary*, who was her son, could not refrain from laughter at the sight. I took out my flagelet, and began playing, dancing at the same time before the beldame, who left the room in a great passion. I followed her quite to the chamber whither the young women had retired. They laughed very heartily at seeing me teize the old lady, who did not know how to get from me. At length she flung out of the house, telling her son she would never return in it whilst I was there. He followed her into the street, to make her hearken to reason, and in the mean time I staid with the young women and made myself very free with them, which was taken in good part, as supposed to proceed from my loss of reason.

To give some account of the family in which fortune had now placed me—*Rustan* was the son of a *Janizary* who was killed, I never heard where, in the performance of some hazardous exploit. His son was at that time in the corps,

and

and as a reward for his father's bravery was allowed, beſides his own pay, half of what his deceaſed father received. On this income he ſupported his family; but I ſhould obſerve he made ſome addition to it by working the rings worn on the thumb of thoſe who uſe the bow *. The youngeſt of the women I ſaw was his daughter, whoſe mother was dead; the other was his ſecond wife, with whom he contented himſelf not being able to take advantage of the indulgence of the law.

Ruſtan, after ſtaying ſome time, returned with his mother, promiſing her that he would take care I ſhould never give her offence. Accordingly he gave me a few blows with the long ſtaff, which the *Janizaries* carry when they are not

* To bring down the pride and inſolence of the *Janizaries*, they are permitted to marry and exerciſe trades which effectually damp their ſpirit. They have twelve *aſpres* a day, without reckoning their cloathing. When a *Janizary* diſtinguiſhes himſelf in battle, he is made *Aſerala*, and receives additional pay. In time of peace half their pay is deducted from them, and in war ſeven per cent. with this deduction the Treaſurer of the corps is obliged to find them diet, and quarters.

under

under arms. From this beating I underſtood that I was to behave with great reſpect to the old gentlewoman, though I ſuppoſed myſelf at liberty to demean myſelf as I ſaw occaſion towards the young ladies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Further account of the Janizary's *family.*

I Was much ſurprized after ſupper to ſee the *Janizary* and his family all go to bed together, For my part I was put into a kind of ſtable, where, with ſome ſtraw, I made myſelf as comfortable a bed as I could. I ſpent a part of the night in thinking upon the meaning of this indecent practice of the new family I had come into. I did not know then that they were of the Sect of *Bectbaſchites* *.

* A ſect of *Mahometans*, which owes its riſe to *Bectbaſch*, Preacher to *Amurath* I. They are vulgarly called *Mum Scondurum*, extinguiſhers of the light. This ſect is compoſed chiefly of *Janizaries*. With regard to Polygamy, they differ from other *Muſulmans*, in that they pay no regard to nearneſs of blood, but commit every kind of inceſt without the leaſt ſcruple; fathers having carnal knowledge of their daughters, and mothers of their ſons. *Beſtas*, *Aga* of the Janizaries, who was ſtrangled in 1651, was their protector; ſince his death the ſect is greatly decreaſed.

The

The day after my coming to *Ruſtan*'s houſe happened to be Friday, and he was obliged to go and lie at his *Oda* †. I aſſiſted the women in doing the work of the houſe; I ſay aſſiſted, though I did one thing for another, which made the old lady ſcold, and ſet the young ones in a fit of a laughter. Perceiving this ſhe went out of the houſe, and returned ſhortly after with a ſmith, who faſtened me by one leg to a poſt which ſupported the roof of the ſtable, my apartment. I did not attempt to oppoſe this operation, but on the contrary affected to be mightily pleaſed whilſt it was about. I laid myſelf down on my ſtraw, and *Ruſtan's* wife came to me, bidding me not to be caſt down, and as ſoon as her mother-in-law ſhould go to the prayer, ſhe would pay me a viſit. I waited patiently the performance of her promiſe.

This woman was very agreeable, but there was a great difference betwixt her and her daughter-in-law. The latter was a brown girl, that had a great deal

† The *Janizaries* who have leave to marry, are obliged to go every Friday and lie in their *Oda*, or chamber, and ſhew themſelves to the *Wekilharg*, or Treaſurer. Unleſs they do this they can receive no pay.

of

of vivacity; her face was a perfect ovall; ſhe had large eyes, her noſe was a ſmall matter turned upwards; her mouth little to a juſt proportion, and ſhe had a pretty dimple in her chin; in ſhort *Chemanè* was a very handſome girl, of about eighteen. To be ſure her ſkin was rather too much inclined to the wainſcot-hue, but then the elaſtic firmneſs of her plump fleſh, made ample amends for any ſmall deficiency in its colour. The mother-in-law had nothing to recommend her, but a very fine ſhape, a leg turned to the moſt delightful ſymmetry, and an exceſſive fairneſs of complexion, which was yet within the degree that preſents to our mind the colour of a tallow-candle. As for the old lady, I ſhall ſpare the reader her portrait, in which nothing appeared to me ſo ſtriking, as a moſt enormous pair of flabby dugs, or as the Turks themſelves call them *Bouloulaz*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

What paſſed betwixt the Kinſman of Mahomet, *and the* Janizary's *wife.*

CHERA, *Ruſtan*'s wife, came according to her promiſe, and begged me to play on my flagellet. I looked upon this as a colourable pretence, and began according to my laudable cuſtom to take liberties with her, but I found myſelf under a miſtake. Surprized at a novelty like this, I redoubled my efforts, but all in vain. How, cried I to myſelf, have I met with a foil at laſt; impoſſible; reſiſtance to me, who have been accuſtomed to meet half way; this woman is ſurely of another mould from the reſt. I tried again, and again met with oppoſition. I was nettled at it, and forgetting all I had ſuffered through the violence of my paſſions, I carried matters to a degree of brutality.

Without making the leaſt outcy, or uttering a ſingle word, *Chera* defended herſelf with an addreſs which defeated all my attempts, and exhauſted all my ardour. As two combatants after a long ſtruggle, in which ſtrength and ſkill have kept the ſcales of victory, *in equilibrio*, ſtop to breathe a ſhort time in order to renew the attack with greater force and more certainty; ſo *Chera* and her ſlave deſiſted from their conteſt, and whilſt they waited the recovery of loſt ſtrength, one was conſidering how beſt to aſſail, and the other watching againſt any freſh attempt.

At laſt wearied out with a reſiſtance of which I had never known an example, I ceaſed to make any further tryal of her virtue, having learned at the expence of a few ſcratches, the impoſſibility of forcing any woman againſt her inclination.

I could have cried through mere vexation. The handſomeſt woman had coſt me very little trouble, and a woman like this, whoſe beauty was juſt tolerable, to blaſt the myrtles which bound my victorious brows: The ſiſter of

of the mighty *Ottoman* monarch had ſued for that tribute which, offered voluntarily, had been ſlighted by the wife of a ſimple *Janizary*: What a triumph for *Maraquilla* if ſhe had been witneſs to my diſgrace!

My eyes were fixed on *Chera*; my looks diſcovered my reſentment. Chriſtian, ſaid ſhe with a ſmile, do not be diſpleaſed *eier dejul Komak er Eugvundè Wudgiud benumki**, if a *Hamako* was capable of hearing reaſon, you would commend me for reſiſting you. Pray, let me hear why I ſhould commend you, replied I haſtily, I am not ſo much out of my ſenſes, but I can underſtand you: Come let me hear what you have to ſay for yourſelf. How is this? ſaid ſhe, you talk like a man in his right ſenſes. And ſo I am, anſwered I; I am but the counterfeit of a fool. I was exceedingly ſorry to have diſcovered myſelf in ſo ſimple a manner. *Chera* ſaw what paſſed in my mind, and very obligingly aſſured me that my ſecret was ſafe in in her breaſt.

* If I place my huſband between my body and yours.

And

and now, says she, since I am not speaking to a fool, I will let you understand that I am not to blame in my behaviour towards you. She then made me acquainted with the principles of the sect of *Becthaschites*.

CHAP. XXXI.

In which Chera *gives ſome account of the Sect of* Becthaſchites.

BECTHASCH, their founder, when he permitted a promiſcuous commerce amongſt the individuals of the ſame family, denounced eternal puniſhment againſt wives who admit any other than their huſbands to their embraces. If I was unmarried, added *Chera*, I would not deny you any thing, but as I have a huſband, I muſt keep myſelf entirely for him, it is therefore in vain to torment me any more. *Chemanè* may, if ſhe thinks proper, comply with your deſires, as I ſhould be glad to do, but you muſt take care that her father knows nothing of it, for he would not be very well pleaſed, I imagine, that you ſhould ſhare with him the pleaſures he reaps from her youth and beauty.

From

From her! cried I with marks of aſtoniſhment, from his daughter! is it poſſible that *Chemane*'s father can be ſo beaſtly? You talk now as if you were out of your ſenſes indeed, replied *Chera* ſmiling; is it not natural, that he who planted the tree, ſhould wiſh to taſte the fruit it bears? Oh natural enough to be ſure; cried I with ſome vehemence; but ſuch fruit muſt certainly prove very bitter, and I know not how any father can be able to digeſt it: amongſt us Chriſtians, if a father and a daughter were to uſe this privilege, which you look upon as ſo very natural, we ſhould certainly burn them alive.

As for my part, aded I, I never was a father, and I ſhall certainly offer to *Chemané* what you thought proper to refuſe; and in the end, I make no doubt but I ſhall convince her that it is more agreeable to be the miſtreſs of a ſtranger, than of her own father.

My concluſion was hardly better than her's, but it was at leaſt more in the order of nature; and though I was ſenſible that a great deal might be ſaid againſt both, yet I was reſolved to

abide by my own, and put it in practice with the very firſt opportunity.

Our reaſon continually points out to us the manner of avoiding our bad ways, but like children beginning to walk, we find ourſelves tottering, and throw ourſelves on the ground to eſcape a fall.

Chera heard the old woman at the door, which obliged her to leave me. She begged me to play on my flagelet, aſſuring me that ſhe would bring *Chemané*, and her mother-in-law to hear me, and that they would make the old woman free me from my chain.

Applying my flagelet to my mouth, I played on till I loſt my breath, without finding *Chera* keep her word. At laſt the old lady brought me a plate of rice, and a jug of cool water. This was to be my ſupper. I had often made a worſe meal, and finding myſelf hungry, I ſoon diſpatched my meſs. After this I laid myſelf along my ſtraw bed, and took a comfortable nap.

I awaked about the hour of the fifth prayer, on hearing a noiſe at the door

of

of my apartment. It was *Chera* and her daughter-in-law, who came to pay me a visit, whilst the mother of *Ruſtan* ſlept. They took their ſeats, *Chemané* near me, and *Chera* at ſome diſtance. The converſation was at firſt general; I preſently entered into a particular one with the *Janizary*'s daughter.

CHAP. XXXII.

A fire; the Kinſman of Mahomet *near periſhing in it—the* Janizary's *family removed to the country.*

I Had entered upon the preface to my particular converſation with *Chemané*, which ſhe ſeeming perfectly to approve, I made it very ſhort, *Chera*, like a good mother-in-law, (indeed I defy all France to produce me her equal), went out into the court before the houſe, as I ſuppoſe to ſee which way the wind blew. Little *Chemané* was as hard and as round as an apple, but ſhe had no extraordinary ſmell *.

I was now incorporated with the ſect of *Becthaſchites*, when *Chera* came running in to us, and bid us obſerve an extraordinary light in the air, which was ſoon after followed by ſhocking outcries.

* *Chemané* ſignifies a *ſweet ſmelling apple.*

It was a fire which had broke out near us. The women fled for ſafety; I was chained and could not ſtir. The flames had ſeized our houſe: I looked upon the danger as inevitable. I ſtrove to break my chain, but to no purpoſe, the old beldame had choſen too ſtrong a one. I had no inſtrument within reach that could be of aſſiſtance. I gave myſelf over for loſt. Luckily I heard *Ruſtan*. He had left his *Oda* to ſave what he could at home. He found none of his family within. He called aloud; I knew his voice, and ſpoke. He came to me; the roof of the ſtable was now on fire. With three or four ſtrokes of his battle-axe, he ſet me free to run, which I did, with about twenty pound weight of chain; indeed had it been an hundred it would not have prevented me from following my deliverer.

Fires are frequent at *Conſtantinople*, the greateſt part of the houſes being built of wood painted within ſide and without, and the ſtreets being very narrow. This fire was looked upon as

having done no conſiderable damage *, there being not more than twelve hundred houſes burnt down.

Ruſtan remained at his *Oda*, and his family went to *Algiro* † to the houſe of *Chera*'s father, in whoſe favour I ſoon found means to eſtabliſh myſelf. This old man loved to laugh, and I furniſhed him with abundant matter to indulge his riſibility. I had my amorous interviews with *Chemané*, and grave converſations with her mother, who had a degree of underſtanding rarely to be found among women of more diſtinguiſhed birth. *Uſbeck*, her father, who was nothing more than a gardener, had cauſed her to be educated with every advantage which the meanneſs of his fortune could procure. As being a *Becthaſchite* he had plucked the fruit he

* The firſt of July 1715, at the time that *Mahomet Oiga* my maſter was at *Adrianople*, a warehouſe near the moſque of *Bajazet* took fire, and in thirty hours 15,000 houſes were burnt to the ground. The Jews are generally accuſed of occaſioning theſe conflagrations, and have heavy fines laid on them in conſequence.

† A village at ſome diſtance from *Scutari*, near the Cape which forms the entrance of the *Boſphorus* oppoſite to *Galata*.

himſelf

himſelf had planted, and having no other child than *Chera*, as ſoon as he had married her to *Ruſtan*, he bought a young *Greek* girl, who like another *Abiſhag* kept alive the flame which was juſt extinguiſhed.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Full of diſaſters—the Kinſman of Mahomet *is bought by the* Turkiſh *Gardener.*

I Paſſed my time very agreeably in this houſe; I employed myſelf about every thing, but ſtuck to no one employment in particular. I ſhould have been very glad to have let *Muſtapha* know where I was; but I left *Conſtantinople* ſo ſuddenly after the *Mufti*'s death, that I had no opportunity, and the houſe of my friend having ſhared the ſame fate as the reſt, he was too much taken up with his own affairs, to think on me.

Uſbeck cauſed the chain to be taken off my leg, and I had my liberty not only at home, but abroad in the village, in every houſe of which I was well received. I danced with the village-girls, who have more liberty than the city ladies, and I met with adventures which ſometimes concluded with a beating.

One

One day that I had climbed over a wall to ſpeak to a young woman, her huſband ſurpriſed us together, and without regard to the prvileges of fools in *Turkey*, gave me ſo violent a blow with a ſtick, that I lay ſtretched on the ground without life or motion. After treating his wife in the ſame manner, he came to me, and recovered me from my ſwoon, by dragging me along by the legs to the door of his houſe, where he took leave of me with a ſhower of blows, without the leaſt reſiſtance on my part, ſo much was I ſtunned by the firſt blow he gave me. He would certainly have put me out of all danger of perils of the like or any other kind, had it not been for the compaſſionate aſſiſtance of ſome paſſers-by who, knowing me, reſcued me from his hands, and carried me to *Uſbeck*'s houſe. I was brought there juſt at the time that *Ruſtan* arrived, who hearing how I had been treated, ran immediately to the houſe of the aggreſſor, and beat him very heartily in his turn.

This might avenge but did not heal one of my blows; that care was under-

taken

taken by the old lady. My body was covered all over with black and blue marks; and it was a fortnight before I was able to ſtir hand or foot. Beſides the pain I underwent from theſe contuſions, I was obliged to ſuffer the jibes of the old woman, who accompanied the dreſſing of every contuſion with ſome joke or other. I revenged myſelf by curſing her heartily in the French tongue, which, though ſhe did not underſtand me, was of great relief to me.

Chemané too thought proper to rally me on my adventure, but I readily forgave her. All the conſolation I received was from that good old man *Uſbeck*, and his daughter. *Chera* very ſenſibly remonſtrated with me on the danger I had run in my intrigue with *Nedoua*, and on that from which I had lately eſcaped, on account of a ſilly country wench hardly worth ſuch a beating as I had received for her. I made her a promiſe to be more on my guard for the future; and indeed I took ſuch reſolutions, if I had had conſtancy enough to keep them, as would have infallibly preſerved my body from the like miſ-

adventures,

adventures, but ſcarcely was I recovered of my bruiſes when I ran myſelf in the way of getting freſh ones.

Ruſtan came one night unexpectedly, and caught me aſleep in the arms of his daughter, with whom I had juſt made my peace. He awaked us both with ſeveral ſmart ſtrokes of his bow-ſtring. However I was not quitted for ſuch a trifle as this: After beating my noſe flat, and knocking out my teeth, he ſtripped me, and tying me to a poſt, he whipped me with this bow-ſtring 'till I was covered with blood; never ſure had any poor devil ſuch a ſevere whipping.

My cries brought *Uſbeck* and his daughter to my aſſiſtance. They reſcued me from the hands of my executioner, who on that account had a quarrel with his father-in-law, and left his houſe. He took his mother, his wife, and his daughter with him to *Conſtantinople*, and he left me with the old man, who took the greateſt care of me. He bathed the ſores, with which my whole body was covered, with vinegar. I had experienced the efficacy of this

application on a former occaſion of the ſame kind, and therefore ſubmitted patiently to a remedy, which if ſpeedy and certain, was yet exceedingly painful. *Uſbeck* mixed beaten pepper with the vinegar to forward the cure, which indeed was compleated in a ſhort time, but with a good deal of ſmart.

After this charitable old man had reſtored me to my vigour, he carried me to his ſon-in-law's, who was reſolved not to keep me, but to ſell me to the firſt who would have me. *Uſbeck* aſked to have the preference, and he bought me for thirty ſequins.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Muſtapha *turns* Corſair—the Kinſman of Mahomet's *good fortune with the modern* Abiſhag.

MUSTAPHA was at that time in *Conſtantinople*. It was ſaid that being tired of leading an inactive life at his years, he had taken upon him the profeſſion of farms, and was joined with one *Aſſan* who was become famous for his piracies. They had equipped a veſſel in conjunction, and were actually ſailed on a cruiſe in the Mediterranean.

Chera, who was my cabinet-counſellor, had been by my deſire with *Zambak*, and brought me meſſages or letters from her whenever ſhe came to *Algiro*. *Muſtapha*'s ſiſter begged me to wait with patience the return of her brother, who would certainly purchaſe me of *Uſbeck*, as ſhe would have done herſelf, had ſhe been able to render me ſo much

ſervice:

ſervice: But as, ſhe added, the fire at *Conſtantinople* had greatly embarraſſed their affairs, and it was partly on this account, and partly to be away from his wife, that *Muſtapha* had reſolved to go to ſea, his wife was become very tyrannical and inſupportable, ſo that ſhe and *Tonton* were hardly able to bear with her.

This intelligence gave me a good deal of concern, and I ſincerely pitied *Muſtapha* and his ſiſter. I had received ſo many favours of different kinds from each of them, that I could not help ſhedding tears at this account of their ſituation; and I can ſafely ſay, I was leſs concerned at my own uncertainty of regaining my liberty, than I was at the dangers to which my friend expoſed himſelf. Turks do not always come off conquerors any more than other men, and *Muſtapha* in endeavouring to avoid poverty might fall under a greater miſfortune.

I never in my life wiſhed the Turks to gain any advantage over Chriſtians, but the diſintereſted friendſhip of *Muſtapha* had prevailed ſo far on my gratitude,

tude, that I ſhould have been very ſorry for any accident to have befallen him through their means.

Theſe melancholy reflexions had made me exceedingly dull and thoughtful. My maſter perceived it, and this good man did all in his power to recover me from it. This would not have been in his power to have effected, had not the young *Greek* ſeconded his charitable endeavours.

This modern *Abiſhag* was of a fair complexion and lively diſpoſition. She paſſed her time but diſagreeably with a man of her maſter's age. She was ſcarcely out of her teens; ſhe had been with *Uſbeck* above three months, and was as good a maid as the firſt day ſhe came to him. The old man was vaſtly well pleaſed with her, but ſhe was not at all pleaſed with him, for ſhe found there was ſomething ſhe ought to have had which he did not give her. I made up to her his neglect; he knew it, and as I may ſay, ſaw it, without the leaſt diſpleaſure. *Uſbeck* was not a Turk in the article of jealouſy; and he argued thus; women, ſaid he, are like the

fruits

fruits of my garden, their beauty would be uſeleſs, were there not eyes to view them, and palates to taſte their deliciouſneſs. It was not likely that a man of his way of thinking, and whoſe ſentiments were ſo perfectly agreeable to my own principles, ſhould not be greatly in my eſteem; the little *Greek* conformed herſelf to his maxims, and all parties were happy and contented.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Visit to the widow of a Kaimakan.

WE were neighbours to the widow of *Sari Assan*, formerly *Kaimakan**, afterwards *Testerdar*, and at last *Beglerbeg*† of Europe. Sultan *Achmet* III. had caused this officer to be strangled at the Lighthouse at *Chalcedon*‡ upon his ascension to the throne in 1703. My master's garden produced the best fruit of any in the neighbourhood of *Constantinople*, and he had often the honour to present some to this lady. He went to her house, and took me with him.

* Governor of *Constantinople*, who, in the absence of the Grand Visier, supplies his place.

† Governor General of all the provinces of the empire in Europe.

‡ An eminent city of *Asia Minor*, now *Anatolia*, upon the borders of the Sea of *Marmora*, at the entrance into the canal of the *Black Sea*. It is now only a village surrounded with ruins. *Soliman* II. built a countryhouse there, called *Fanart Kiosch*, or the Light-house Pavilion, on account of its being contiguous to one which lights the vessels entering the strait of *Constantinople*.

Aſſan's widow who, ſince the death of her huſband made herſelf amends for the reſtraint under which ſhe lived in his life-time, received us with her face uncovered. *Indgi* might be about forty years of age, but from the frequent uſe of the *Serquis* *, ſhe ſeemed not to be above twenty-five. This lady without paying any regard to *Mahomet*, or his law, or conforming to the cuſtoms of her country, turned her attention only to procuring ſuch amuſements as ſhe found herſelf capable of enjoying. Confining herſelf to the country, ſhe gave a looſe to all her deſires; and looked upon thoſe moments of her life as the moſt precious which were

* Such is the ſurpriſing virtue of this admirable herb, that its infuſion taken like Tea, preſerves a clearneſs of complexion, a plumpneſs of body, and a ſmoothneſs of ſkin, with all the bloom of youth, ſo that a woman of ſeventy, does not appear to be half that age. This divine plant is ſaid to be brought from a mountain near *Mecca*. It grows in a ſmall ſpot which the Grand Signior cauſes to be ſtrictly guarded, forbidding any perſon to approach it within a certain diſtance, under pain of death. The *Sultanas* uſe it in common: however, they who guard this ſpot muſt ſuffer themſelves to be corrupted, becauſe many private people have it; it is true that this herb is exceedingly dear; but where are the women who would think any ſum too much for the purchaſe of ſo precious a drug?

taken

taken up with the delights of love, or employed in the pleaſures of a luxurious table. Her family was a perfect contraſt to the Seraglio of the Sultan; ſhe purchaſed no male-ſlave that was not handſome, and well-made, and ſhe could never bear an Eunuch within her ſight.

Sari Aſſan in the midſt of his greatneſs ſaw well enough that he ſhould not eſcape the fatal bow-ſtring; to prevent therefore a wife whom he adored from being reduced to miſery in her widowhood, he had concealed for her uſe great riches in the houſe ſhe now inhabited. This wealth, which was thought to be immenſe, ſhe employed in the purchaſe of ſuch pleaſures as ſuited with the inordinacy of her appetites.

To this lady then my maſter preſented me as one who having the misfortune to loſe his reaſon, had this loſs made up to him by a folly of ſo ſprightly a nature, as to inſpire the moſt dull and gloomy with a degree of mirth. He gave her too a brief narrative of the occaſion of my loſs of reaſon. I obſerved *Indgi* to liſten to the ſtory with great attention. The cauſe of my miſ-

fortune

fortune was too near a-kin to the warmth of her own diſpoſition, not to prepoſſeſs her in favour of a tall, broad-ſhouldered black man, in the vigour of his age. It required no great degree of penetration to diſcover that a young man of my make muſt have corporeal qualifications, that would amply compenſate for any deprivation of the mental faculties. She therefore intreated *Uſbeck* in the moſt obliging manner to be ſo kind as to leave me behind for a few days, promiſing to ſend me back as ſoon as ſhe ſhould have been witneſs to a few of thoſe diverting effects of my madneſs that he had told her of. It was not for a man of *Uſbeck*'s condition to refuſe a favour of that kind to a lady of her rank, he therefore left me with the widow, aſſuring her in the politeſt manner he was able, that ſhe might keep me there as long as ſhe thought proper.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

My entertainment in the houſe of the Kaimakan's *widow.*

I Staid then at the houſe of *Indgi*, who commenced her acquaintance with me by making me drink ſeveral glaſſes of wine, in order, as ſhe told her two waiting-women, who were ſtanding by, to raiſe my ſpirits, and engage me to do ſomething which might divert her. As matters ſtood thus, I thought myſelf obliged to keep up the character that *Uſbeck* had given of me. I played on my flagelet, and I danced, but moderately. I told ſeveral ſtories, which I took care to embelliſh with ſome double entendres; when *Indgi* found herſelf at the right pitch, ſhe gave a ſignal, and the waiting-women diſappeared.

Many things are overlooked in a fool, which would be taken ill if offered by a perſon ſuppoſed to be in his right ſenſes.

ſenſes. Beſides *Aſſan*'s widow was not of ſo very ſqueamiſh a diſpoſition as to be offended at certain liberties, which in reality rather afforded her pleaſure, as ſhe would have been ſorry to have had me obſerve a too reſpectful behaviour towards her. Indeed her carriage to me was a ſufficient diſpenſation for laying aſide the rules of decorum before I had treſpaſſed on them.

A pearl of the ſize of *Indgi** would be of ineſtimable value. I never in my life ſaw a woman of a better height, or ſhape; but though ſhe was extremely handſome, yet ſhe had contracted an imperfection which all the *Serquis* of *Mecca* would not ſo eaſily remove as a ſlight application of *Checher-para*'s unction could have done.

A continuity of pleaſure, had rendered her unfeeling. Like thoſe ſatiated epicures, who by a long courſe of gluttony loſe all reliſh to their food, *Indgi* conſidered only the number of diſhes which were ſerved to her.

Beſides the little defect already ſpoken of, ſhe had another, and, in my opi-

* *Indgi* in the Turkiſh language ſignifies a pearl.

nion,

nion, a much greater one. This overgrown pearl received all the offerings made her as a tribute ſhe had a right to expect; and ſhe would have thought her ſervant too much honoured had ſhe made more than the indiſpenſable advances upon the occaſion.

However, no part of her behaviour pleaſed me ſo much as her generoſity. She paid me liberally for the entertainment I had furniſhed her. Without doubt it was to encourage me to provide better cheer for her on another occaſion, that ſhe gave me twelve *Sultanins*. I took them ſeemingly with an air of indifference, but in reality with more pleaſure than I had in earning them.

At the end of ſix days, and of my vigour, I quitted *Indgi*, with a reſolution never to ſee her more. This was the cauſe of my leaving her. I was eager to get what money I could from this voluptuous woman, and therefore did all in my power to ſatisfy her intemperance. The day that I abandoned her to the inſatiableneſs of her appetites, I ſtrove in vain to renew my exhauſted ſtrength, when *Indgi*, the inſatiate

Indgi, reproached my inability in terms the moſt provoking that can be imagined for a man who like me had undertaken the performance of an abſolute impoſſibility. Forgetting the character I was ſuſtaining, I ſaid to her haſtily; you would not ſurely have me fall a ſacrifice to your pleaſures, would you? What need I to care, replied ſhe with great indifference, *ſen ulurſen birdahi* *. After doing ſo much for this ungrateful woman, I was greatly piqued at her cool reply; conſulting therefore only my reſentment, I left her houſe and my work unfiniſhed. I took the road leading to *Uſbeck*'s, with only twelve poor *ſequins* in my pocket, which after all the pains I had taken for them, I may ſafely affirm, were earned with the ſweat of my brow.

* If you die I ſhall find another.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

I fall into the hands of a Turkiſh *Phyſician.*

NOtwithſtanding the reſentment I have ever ſince entertained for *Indgi*'s behaviour, I muſt do her the juſtice to own, ſhe took the greateſt care of me whilſt I was with her. The moſt nouriſhing meats, and the beſt wines that *Cyprus*, and *Naxos* * produced, were ſerved to me in plenty; yet it muſt at the ſame time be acknowledged, that ſhe was paid very great intereſt for what ſhe laid out on my account; beſides I was not her ſlave, and therefore not obliged to do more for her than I choſe.

* An iſland in the *Archipelago*. It is one of the *Cyclades*, and produces excellent wine, and a great deal of fine marble. The Heathens dedicated it to *Bacchus*, after that God had diſcovered *Ariadne*, who had been deſerted there by *Theſeus*.

Weak in body, heavy with grief and reſentment, and light in pocket, I walked in a melancholy humour towards *Uſbeck*'s houſe. When I was within fifty yards of his garden, I found myſelf ſo weak, that I was unable to get any further, and ſeated myſelf by the road-ſide. I continued there ſome time endeavouring to muſter up all the ſpirits I had left againſt an indiſpoſition which diſcovered itſelf by an univerſal faintneſs. At laſt it got the better of me, and I fell without life along the ground.

Brought to myſelf by the help of ſome cordials, I found I was in the houſe, and under the hands of a young phyſican who had made himſelf famous by killing people of conſequence. *Calil Agi*, was one of thoſe men whom nature ſeems to have formed for the purpoſe of cheating mankind. He had ſtudied under a Jew, who having run over both *Egypts*, pretended to be in poſſeſſion of ſome wonderful recipes, for the cure of all ſorts of diſorders, which he affirmed were communicated to him by the natives of thoſe countries. This celebrated quack, having ſettled in *Conſtantinople*

tinople (where thoſe of his faith have for a long time enjoyed the privilege of killing men under pretence of ſaving their lives) had conceived a friendſhip for young *Calil*, and had imparted to him his diſcoveries during his travels.

Calil was ſmooth and inſinuating in his addreſs, and had with it a degree of aſſurance not to be diſturbed or put out of countenance; thus ſet out by nature, he, with the help of his maſter's noſtrums ſoon found a way to impoſe on the vulgar. Some cures, brought about rather by accident, than any ſkill in a ſcience which is at beſt but built on conjecture, had raiſed his fame, and eſtabliſhed him in the confidence of the grandees of the *Porte*, and amongſt the reſt of the *Gulbeas Sultané Validé**.

The accident which threw me into his hands carried his name and fortune to its higheſt pitch.

* The Mother of the reigning Sultan.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

The Doctor undertakes to restore the Kinsman of Mahomet *to his reason.*

MY history had made too much noise in *Constantinople*, and I was too well known at *Algiro* to make it possible for *Calil*, who had a country-house there, to be ignorant of my reputed loss of reason. However, he pretended to know nothing of it, and in order to make his servants believe the same, he discoursed for a long time in their presence, on the causes of my madness, which he pretended to discover rather from eyes, by the rules of his art, than from my conversation, which had nothing coherent, or rational in it. The hearers of his unintelligible gabble testified their admiration by their looks, whilst I smiled within myself at the doctor's pretended penetration.

I will undertake this man's cure, ſaid he to his audience. Whoſe ſlave is he? They told him, and he ſent for *Uſbeck*, to whom he propoſed leaving me at his houſe, that he might the eaſier perceive the effects of his remedies. My maſter, who, liked me better as I was, than if I were wiſer, did not leave me with the doctor very willingly.

I conſidered a long time with myſelf, whether I ſhould be cured or not, as both alike depended on my own pleaſure. Having well weighed the matter, I thought it beſt to ſuffer the doctor to perform a cure on me, by taking only ſuch of his medicines as I ſhould judge could neither do me good or harm.

In reality I was heartily ſick of the character I had been playing, which was not without its inconveniencies. It was now near a twelvemonth that I had ſupported it, and although the appearance of madneſs gave me a freedom which no ſlave in his right ſenſes durſt have taken, yet I was the rather tired of keeping it up as I had nothing to fear from *Omar*'s death.

During the first fortnight that I was in *Calil*'s house, I lived in my ordinary manner. Upon the Doctor's going to *Constantinople*, he gave orders that I should want for nothing, particularly in the article of diet, being persuaded, that might promote his design. I had then the liberty of doing as I liked, and I went to every house in the village except *Indgi*'s.

I paid a visit to *Usbeck* as soon as I thought I could see the young Greek with credit to myself. She had heartily cursed *Indgi*, and the ridiculous politeness of our master. *Usbeck* had only two other slaves; the one a negro, whose sole amusement was smoking and drinking brandy, the other a *Russian* little better than a beast of burthen. These were no society for young *Gultric* *, so *Usbeck* had named her, and indeed she was a pretty path of roses.

* *Gultric* signifies a *path of roses*,

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

I return to Conſtantinople.

CALIL came back to *Algiro*, with deſign to take me with him to *Conſtantinople*. It was with much difficulty my maſter conſented to it, but he could not refuſe the doctor's requeſt, which was urged with earneſtneſs. I was treated at his town houſe in the ſame manner as I had been in the country. I went every where without a chain. I made uſe of this liberty to find out the *Cordelier*, who had been of ſo much uſe to me in the affair of the *Scherif*; but the monk was with his maſter in the country. I looked for an opportunity of ſeeing my good friend *Chera*, not daring to go to the *Janizary*'s houſe, whilſt he was in a capacity of making a whip with his bow-ſtring.

One day that I ſtopped at the door of a bath to obſerve the women that went in, a female gave me a tap on the arm, and I followed her at a diſtance as far as

the *Atmeidan*,* where she stopped at a little house, turning herself towards me before she went in. I was not at all displeased at these circumstances, which had much the air of an adventure; and I resolved to use all the freedom which my habit‡ gave me to see how it would end. Accordingly, I walked up and down within sight of the house, and presently observed a woman to come out with her veil up, who, passing by me, slipped a note into my hands, which I went into a corner of the *Atmeidan*, and read. The contents were, an assignation under the portico of the Seraglio of §*Ibrahim Pascha*,

* It is the *Hippodrome*.

‡ So great is the attention paid by the Turks to the persons of fools and madmen, that they are habited in a particular manner; that to being remarkable, they may be secure from all insult. The dress of a *Hamako* is white on the right side, and green on the left.

§ This Seraglio was built in the *Atmeidan*, by the famous *Ibrahim*, Grand Vizir to *Soliman* II. who had him made away with in 1636. This prince had promised never to put him to death as long as he should reign; but having discovered a correspondence between him and Charles the Fifth, he had his throat cut whilst he was asleep, the *Mufti* having dispensed him from his oath, by telling him that sleep was a kind of death. His widow, who was *Soliman*'s sister, married *Lutzi*, who gave her a blow, as has been remarked before, because she reproached

cha, an hour after the fourth prayer.

proached him for his attachment to *Mosayps*. *Ibrahim* was a *Genoese*, and had always favoured the Christians very much, professing Christianity himself in secret. It is said he was of the house of *Justiniani*, which has given Christian Emperors to *Constantinople*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

I meet with an old acquaintance.

I Had two hours to wait until the time appointed, which I paſſed in walking up and down the *Hippodrome*, and thinking of this adventure. I was not able to diſtinguiſh this woman from her ſhape and walk; and the veil makes the Turkiſh ladies appear alike. I was punctual to the aſſignation. I had been there but a very ſhort time, when the perſon who had given me the billet appeared again. She took me by the hand and conducted me in ſilence to the door, which I had ſeen her go in at. It opened on our approach, and we made a few ſteps in the dark; we afterwards came to a room tolerably well lighted, in which, I perceived a lady reclined on a pile of mattraſſes. She pulled off her veil; and what was my aſtoniſhment and joy on beholding the adorable *Nedoua!* This lovely girl perceiving my ſurprize, aroſe from her couch, and throwing

throwing her arms about my neck, we funk down together on it.

I could not perſuade myſelf that I was really in the embrace of *Omar*'s niece; I ſuppoſed it all a dream. As ſoon as I was able to ſpeak, I cried, Is it poſſible that I have met again with *Nedoua*, with that generous girl to whom I owe my life? And is it poſſible (ſaid ſhe) that an *Hamako* ſhould recollect me? We entered into explanations, which were mingled with careſſes.

I told *Nedoua* my adventures, and ſhe in return related what had happened to her ſince our ſeparation. The jealous Spaniſh woman had told the *Scherifs* all ſhe knew, and more that ſhe conjectured relating to our intrigue. *Nedoua* was ſecured, in order to be puniſhed by the family. The young *Scherif*, who was to have married her on his return from a long journey, arriving in the midſt of their deliberations, refuſed to fulfil his engagement; but not being cruel enough to abandon a young perſon whom he had once loved to the fury of her kindred, he prevailed with them to agree to reſigned her to her fortune.

This

This young man, in order to get rid of a paſſion which ſtill hung about him, had reſolved to ſet out on a freſh voyage; but before his departure, he had, with a generoſity, which Turks provoked in the like manner, have ſeldom diſcovered, provided an allowance for *Nedoua* ſufficient to keep her, and one ſlave to attend her. *Omar*'s family contenting itſelf with depriving their niece of her inheritance, had given her her life, which, without the liberality of her lover, muſt have been rendered miſerable.

Whether abſence had lent freſh charms to *Nedoua*, or whether an interview without the leaſt conſtraint had heightened the pleaſure we felt at ſeeing each other again, I know not, but we paſſed a night, which was the more delicious, as we gave a looſe to our tenderneſs, without any apprehenſion of having it interrupted in the cruel manner we had already experienced.

The ſailor recovered from the fatigues of a ſtorm, by lying in a ſafe harbour, when he puts to ſea again, finds in himſelf all that ardour which enables him to purſue his voyage to the end of the world.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

The progreſs of my cure.

I Did not leave *Nedoua* 'till the night following. *Calil* ſeemed glad at ſeeing me again, for he had given me over for loſt. For ſome days he placed ſpies over me, which I perceiving, did not attempt to go out. I appeared to liſten to what was ſaid to me, and had only now and then ſomething wild in my diſcourſe. The doctor obſerved the rays of clouded reaſon breaking forth, and did not fail to attribute them to the good effect of his medicines, none of which had I taken.

Four days after my firſt viſit to *Nedoua*, finding myſelf in a diſpoſition to ſettle an account which had been above a twelvemonth in arrear, I was going out, but my guards ſtopped me at the door. I practiſed all my extravagances over again; I curſed them, and I fought with all who oppoſed me. *Calil* running out to ſee what was the matter, ordered

dered them to let me uſe my liberty. I did ſo for a few minutes, and returned to the doctor's houſe with an air of the moſt perfect compoſure. He concluded from this ſudden change, that the leſs I was under reſtraint, the ſooner I ſhould recover the uſe of my reaſon. From that moment I had my full liberty.

I appeared in the *Atmeidan*, and was from thence conducted to *Nedoua*, according as we agreed together. The *Cordelier* being returned to the city, and finding I had been enquiring for him, came to *Calil*'s houſe to ſeek me. The doctor told him, that having deſired my maſter to leave me with him, in order to try if by the efficacy of his medicines he could reſtore me to reaſon, he had hopes from the ſucceſs which had already attended them, that he ſhould accompliſh this difficult undertaking. The *Cordelier*, who was in the ſecret, ſmiled within himſelf at this preſumption of the *Turkiſh Hipocrates*, and complimented him on his hopes.

I arrived in the midſt of their converſation, and *Calil* telling the monk that

I was

I was ſometimes abſent the whole day and night together, it made him ſuſpect ſome new intrigue. The *Cordelier* being curious to know if it was ſo or not, aſked me in Latin, what had occaſioned my ſtaying out that night. I excuſed myſelf in the ſame language, being well perſuaded that the doctor was as ignorant of that tongue, as our phyſicians commonly are of the Greek. *Calil*, though he knew nothing of the language, gueſſed there was ſome myſtery; and leaving us together, he begged the monk to come often to ſee me, as he perceived, he ſaid, that I took pleaſure in his converſation, and therefore it might co-operate with his medicines to forward my cure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

Artifice of the Turkiſh *phyſician.*—Nedoua's *diſtreſs.*

THE fly phyſician had a particular view in making this requeſt, and the *Franciſcan* and I fell into a ſnare, which he had no ſuſpicion of being laid for us. The firſt thing *Calil* did to carry on his deſign, was making me change my apartment. Under pretence of my being nearer at hand for his practice, he gave me a room in that part of the houſe which was nigh his own; this chamber joined a ſmall cloſet, and was only ſeparated from it by a thin partition; this cloſet had a door opening into the chamber.

I took poſſeſſion of my new apartment, without troubling myſelf to aſſign a cauſe for my being brought into it, and without even examining its ſituation. About this time I was under great affliction. One day, or rather one night, I found *Nedoua* exceedingly melancholy

and

and all that I could do was not able to drive her out of it. I enquired into the cauſe, but without ſatisfaction; ſhe perſiſted in not telling me. Her ſlave, when ſhe conducted me out, informed me that it proceeded from her wanting money, the friends of her benefactor having delayed paying her allowance. I had *Indgi's ſultanins* about me, and I gave them to this girl for her miſtreſs.

Calil knew whenever I lay from home, and cauſed me to be dogged by a man who was intirely devoted to him. This man ſaw me go out and in from *Nedoua*'s houſe, and this confirmed *Calil* in the opinion that I was only a fool by choice. He knew very well that *Omar*'s niece lived in the houſe I was ſeen coming out of; he was acquainted with every circumſtance of my intrigue with her; and he concluded, that I had impoſed on the public to preſerve my own life. Until a favourable opportunity ſhould offer for making me acknowledge this truth, he behaved to me in the ſame manner as he had always done.

The money I gave *Nedoua*, did not laſt long, for we lived well whenever we met;

met; and really I never once asked her if she had received her pension. I was sitting by her, and she fainted away; I called her slave, and we presently brought her to herself. Soon afterwards the slave herself fell into a swoon. When she was recovered, I enquired into the cause. *Nedoua* wept, but would not say a word. I then addressed myself to the slave. *Alas!* said she, in a tone of astonishment, *we have not eaten these two days.*

These few syllables threw me into a multitude of anxious thoughts. *Nedoua* bathed in her own blood, and expiring under the weapon of her uncle, did not offer so shocking a spectacle to my sight; nor did my mind shrink so much at it, as when I considered this very *Nedoua* in so deplorable a state of distress. The loveliest of creatures pressing me with arms weak with fasting, the roses of her complexion giving place to a pallid wanness, from absolute want of the necessaries of life; *Nedoua* wetting with her tears the author of all her misery, the corruptor of her innocence, and feeling less for her own misfortunes, than

for

for her ſeparation by a cruel and lingering death from a wretched ſlave, who, to ſatisfy his unbridled appetites, had plunged her into a ſea of troubles, through which he was not able to pilot her. In a word, *Nedoua* (oh horrid expreſſion!) ſtarving with hunger, drew from me tears of blood.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

Calil's *plot ſucceeds—the* Kinſman of Mahomet *diſcovered to be no fool—* Nedoua *relieved—the doctor makes a pretended cure.*

NEVER was a mind endued with ſenſibility in ſo cruel a ſituation. I had no means of extricating this dear creature from a diſtreſs ſhe was ſinking under. What could a miſerable ſlave like me do? In vain did I ſtrive to deviſe means; the melancholy ſight that was before me deprived me of all power of reflection. *Nedoua,* without life or motion, ſtretched upon the very couch which ſo often had withſtood the violence of our mutual paſſion, lying on it with a languor of a far different kind from that produced by the thrilling extacy of pleaſure, was a ſight I could not behold without horror. I therefore flung from it, reſolved to leave no means untried,

tried, which chance or fortune might ſuggeſt, as likely to afford her relief.

I arrived at the doctor's houſe at the inſtant of time that the Cordelier came there, whom I took into my room. We diſcourſed for a long time in *lingua franca*. The good father gave me advice, which, if I could have followed it, would have enabled me to live quietly and happy. He aſked the cauſe of my ſorrow, which appeared very viſible in my countenance, and I revealed the whole matter to him. He had only *comfortable words* to offer—poor aſſiſtance in ſuch extremity!

As ſoon as he went from me, *Calil* came into my room by the door which I had not till then obſerved. This apparition ſurprized me. The doctor, accoſting me with a ſmile, ſpoke thus: So then I have undertaken the cure of a man who only feigned madneſs; well, I am heartily glad of it. Without giving me time to reply, he then explained a project which he had conceived on ſuſpecting my impoſture. Do you aſſiſt me in my plan, added he, and we ſhall both be gainers by it. I ſhall get repu-

tation,

tation, and you will have your liberty, and be in poſſeſſion of two *purſes*. It is in vain to diſſemble with me any longer, continued he; perceiving, by the confuſion I was in, that I did not wiſh to drop the maſk; I know you viſit the *Scherif*'s niece; I have had you followed there; and I have overheard all your converſation with the *Chriſtian Derviſe*. He talked to you as to a man in his right ſenſes, and your anſwers were not like thoſe of an *Hamako*; ſo determine whether you will be made or marred, and I leave you to conſider of it. Saying theſe words he left the room. I was ſoon reſolved: I determined to go halves with him in the knavery, as it would put me in a condition to aſſiſt *Nedoua*. The offer of two *purſes*, at the time when ſhe ſtood in need of aſſiſtance, was alone enough to put me upon it.

I went immediately in queſt of my aſſociate in villainy. I promiſed to join in the cheat; and, owning my connection with *Nedoua*, I acquainted him with the horrid ſituation I had juſt left her in, and the neceſſity I was under of an advance of ſome part of the ſum he

had promiſed. He readily complied with my demand, and I flew to the ſuccour of *Nedoua* with one *purſe* in my pocket.

By the way I bought a baſket of the Jews, which I filled with proviſions; and at the cloſe of the ſame evening, I had the ſatisfaction to convey to *Nedoua* and her ſlave that ſuſtenance they were ſo much in want of. The ſlave, to whom I paid little attention, fell upon the proviſion with an avidity of appetite that almoſt choaked her. I took care to give my lovely Turk but a ſmall quantity at a time, and I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her reſtored by degrees to her former ſtrength and ſpirits.

What a pleaſure was it for me to behold the object of all my ſollicitude, which before was fading like a flower, now renewed in all the luſtre of its beauty! How did I bleſs the doctor for his invention of an impoſture, which, in its very commencement, had performed ſo capital a ſervice for the girl I adored!

I returned to *Calil*'s houſe before break of day. Being now certain of ſucceſs,

he declared publicly, that, with the help of ſome particular herbs which he had diſcovered by dint of ſtudy, he would reſtore me to my ſenſes very ſoon. To carry on the trick, he pretended to go out of town very privately, and he returned with a quantity of herbs, from the juice of which he was to prepare a medicine, which I never took, though I grew apparently better.

Thus we amuſed the Court and City for the ſpace of three months; at the end of which he thought proper to conclude the farce. The doctor received congratulations which he had not merited, and the reputation of his ſkill increaſed to that degree. that before I left *Conſtantinople* the *Sultan* had declared him *Lecchin Baſchi*, or firſt phyſician.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

The Kinſman of Mahomet *regains his liberty, and viſits ſome old friends.*

THE honourable fraternity of rogues can ſubſiſt no longer than whilſt they keep their faith with each other. *Calil*, after agreeing for my ranſom with *Uſbeck*, gave me the other *purſe*, and my freedom. He invited me to ſtay at his houſe until I returned to *France*, and I thought proper to accept his offer.

Muſtapha about this time came home from his cruiſe, loaded with ſpoils and laurels. I had ſeen him in the courſe of my cure, but unknown to the doctor. He wanted me to live with him, but I refuſed on account of *Zambak*, who I thought might be a check on my viſits to *Nedoua*, whom I continued to ſee privately.

I went to ſee the good old man *Uſbeck*, at whoſe houſe I found *Chera* lately become a widow. She had retired to her father's, and jointly with *Gultric* kept up his natural heat. I thought myſelf under an obligation to requite *Chera* for her civilities, and made her again the offer ſhe had before refuſed: She accepted it now, as the cauſe of her refuſal ſubſiſted no more.

It ſeemed by the manner with which I ſhared *Uſbeck*'s bed and board, as if I too was become a *Becthaſchite*.

I returned to *Conſtantinople* in about a fortnight. The generous ſon of *Sulmen* took care that I wanted for nothing. I had bought a ſuit of cloaths, after the French faſhion, of the Jews, and I was known in the city for the Chriſtian friend of *Muſtapha*.

My friend had a neighbour at *Galata*, a widow, ſaid to be extremely handſome. I had propoſed to *Zambak* and *Checher-para* to make an acquaintance with her, in order to render our ſociety more numerous, and to add variety to our pleaſures. *Muſtapha* ſeconded my

pro-

propoſal; it was with ſome difficulty the ladies could be brought to conſent to it. *Tonton* apprehended the loſs of her maſter's heart, and *Zambak* thought of *Nedoua*, and dreaded a new face.

However they yielded to our importunities, met the widow at the Bath; and made up an acquaintance with ſo much diſpatch, that the very next day *Zambak*, and the *little lump of ſugar*, viſited her at her houſe; and ſhe returned the compliment at *Muſtapha*'s in a day or two after.

It is a filly cuſtom the Turks have, that when a lady, who is a ſtranger, comes to their houſes, the men go out, or do not appear as long as ſhe ſtays*. The ladies were taking a walk in the garden, which *Muſtapha* had put in fine order ſince his return, and we gave them the meeting as if by accident. The widow put on her veil as ſoon as ſhe ſaw us. After the firſt compliments, and

* The *Turkiſh* ladies amuſe themſelves at their viſits with putting on one another's clothes. This exchange of dreſs, which is not made with the utmoſt decency, together with their converſation, which generally turns upon ſubjects of obſceni y, have occaſioned the men to make it a conſtant rule to be from home at theſe times.

excuſes for the breach of a decorum which we declared had been done without deſign, we ſollicited much for permiſſion to ſee the widow's face; ſhe would not conſent, and *Zambak* and *Tonton* were obliged to offer ſome ſlight kind of violence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

Some account of this widow, her brother, and ſiſter.

*Merdgian** is a very fine woman; the brilliancy of her eyes, and the brightneſs of her complexion, well intitle her to that name. We praiſed her beauty in terms of the utmoſt politeneſs, and I remarked that the handſome widow was not a little pleaſed with it. I obſerved that *Merdgian* paid more attention to *Muſtapha*'s compliments than ſhe did to mine, and I was not a little piqued at it; *Tonton* perceived it too, and was heartily chagrined.

Her reception nettled me; *Merdgian* knew who I was, and my affair with *Nedoua* had gained me ſo much reputation with her ſex, that it was not without reaſon I was ſurprized at the coolneſs of her behaviour to a man, who

* *Merdgian* ſignifies *bright as coral.*

had rendered himſelf famous by ſo remarkable a piece of gallantry.

On the other hand *Muſtapha* had nothing to recommend him but his military courage, which could not be brought in competition with thoſe noble gifts ſo liberally endowed on me by nature; gifts, which according to the notions of women of any taſte, would obtain me the preference before the hardieſt atchievements of war.

Merdgian, in compliance with the requeſt which *Muſtapha* privately made to her, of viſiting his ſiſter as often as ſhe could, came two days after, under pretence of introducing her ſiſter. *Gevaher* † was very handſome, but greatly affected.

I had diſcovered that I had nothing to expect from *Merdgian*, and *Muſtapha* had ſpoke of her to me as of a woman he ſhould like to marry, if he could get her conſent. This laſt conſideration was enough to make me deſiſt from an attempt, which otherwiſe would, perhaps, have been made in vain.

† *A precious ſtone.*

I was

I was charmed with *Gevaher* at first ſight; ſhe received my oriental common-place compliments on the ſubject of her beauty ſo well, that I doubted not but I ſhould find no obſtacle towards her poſſeſſion greater than *Zambak*'s jealouſy.

I had introduced the French manner of living into *Muſtapha*'s family; but to avoid ſcandalizing our Turkiſh neighbours, we only uſed it in private. *Merdgian* and *Gevaher* ſoon became reconciled to it, and brought their brother to the houſe. This young Turk was beautiful as love itſelf; he was not more ſtruck with *Zambak*'s charms, than ſhe was with the beauty of his perſon. From the firſt hour of their acquaintance I reckoned the widow of *Curgi Nebi* as loſt to me.

CHAP. XLVI.

A double marriage proposed—Mustapha's *generosity*—Nedoua *loses her friend.*

THE sister of my friend had the kindness to inform me of her new passion. Coming to the point directly, she told me, that despairing ever to be my wife, she begged only that I would not oppose her in her design of marrying *Koul Kaejasti*. Though *Zambak* was still very handsome, yet a long and quiet possession of her had cooled my passion, and I readily chimed in with her project; yet through a delicacy, which did not seem at all displeasing to her, I refused to be the interpreter of her favourable disposition to her intended husband.

Be satisfied, said I to her, with the sacrifice I make to *Koul*, without requiring me to explain the sentiments of your passion for him. There is another

way

way of acquainting him; your brother wiſhes to marry *Merdgian*, let him propoſe the double marriage.

Koul's behaviour, added I, may ſerve to convince you of his inclination for the match, and the ſiſter will, no doubt, readily accept the offer that ſhall be made by her brother of the hand of yours. This advice was too pleaſing to *Zambak* for her to heſitate in purſuing it.

I explained her ſcheme to *Muſtapha*, who propoſed it to *Koul*, and the latter found no difficulty in getting *Merdgian* to conſent. It was not the diſlike which *Checher-para* but too viſibly ſhewed that prevented the union of theſe two families from being compleated, but an obſtacle of another nature.

The handſome Turk and his ſiſters had no other fortune than youth and beauty. *Muſtapha* was not rich enough to maintain ſo large a family, ſo he propoſed to his intended brother-in-law, that he ſhould make a voyage with *Aſſan* and him: Each to have a veſſel, and cruiſe in company, ſharing equally the

profit

profit or loſs. The plan was approved, and they prepared for the voyage.

I diſcovered ſome inclination to embark with them, that they might land me on the firſt Chriſtian ſhore they made; but *Muſtapha* begged me to ſtay, that I might aſſiſt at the ceremony of his new nuptials, promiſing to have me conveyed afterwards to the port of *Toulon*, by the firſt opportunity. But this conſideration prevailed with me leſs than that of parting with *Nedoua*. I loved that dear woman too well to leave her ſo haſtily.

A few days after the Turks had ſailed, I had reaſon to rejoice at the reſolution I had taken of ſtaying behind them. As ſoon as my friend was embarked, my firſt care was to ſee *Nedoua*, and to take to her the ſupply I had gotten through his generoſity. I had imparted to this *Turk*, in confidence, my intrigue with the *Scherif*'s niece, and her preſent ſituation. I had only to ſay that *Nedoua* was in want of money, and it was ſufficient for *Muſtapha* to furniſh me with it. He had preſented me with two *purſes* to ſupply her

her wants until his return, and I begged the fair Turk to accept of them. This ſupply proved a very ſeaſonable one; for ſhe learned a very few days after, that the young *Scherif* had been robbed and murdered by a number of ſtrolling *Arabs*, near *Gebel Arafat* *, on his return from *Medina*. *Nedoua* was leſs affected at this misfortune than at the proſpect of my departure, of which I had given her ſome hints.

* Mountains two days journey from *Medina*, and diſtant about two or three leagues from *Mecca*. The Turks are ſtrongly of opinion, that *Adam* met with his wife *Eve* there 500 years after God had created her. It is at the foot of theſe mountains, and in the plain of *Mina*, that, after a Pilgrim has made the journey of the Temple of *Mecca* ſeven times, he makes the *corban*, or offering of a ſheep, or ſome other animal; which is done in ſuch a manner, that all but two pounds of it is to be diſtributed amongſt the poor. If he ſhould be known to have reſerved more, he will not be allowed to ſhave his head, or pare his nails, whilſt he lives. The *corban* is made after a night and day ſpent in prayer, and is ſaid to be in memory of *Abraham*'s ſacrifice.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

Character of Mahomet's *kinſwoman—I acquire a new female connection.*

WITH charms like thoſe which the niece of *Omar* poſſeſſed, it was not to be admired that ſhe found no difficulty in retaining a man who was no leſs attached to her by the ties of gratitude than by thoſe of love. She had expoſed her own life in the defence of mine; on my account ſhe had loſt the ſucceſſion to an ample fortune, and had drawn upon herſelf the malice and reſentment of her kindred: It was barely juſtice in me to make her all the requital in my power, by a warmth of affection equal to her own.

Where could I have found a miſtreſs who, like the amiable *Nedoua*, loved me with a perfect diſintereſtedneſs? *Zambak* had preferred the Grand Signior to me,

and

and was now about to quit me for a Pirate. Other ladies who had honoured me with their favours were rather attached to me through a thirſt after pleaſure than love of my perſon. They ſought their gratification in corporeal qualifications; *Nedoua*, poſſeſſed of my heart, aſked nothing beſide. I never taſted the ſweets which love was capable of miniſtring but with her. I ought indeed to have excepted *Charmen* and *Chera*, but from the firſt I was ſeparated for ever, and as to the laſt, her's was an attachment which with regard to me partook more of acknowledgment than of paſſion. I eſteemed *Ruſtan*'s widow becauſe ſhe was worthy of my eſteem, but my heart told me I ought to eſteem *Nedoua* for the ſentiments of her mind, and love her for the beauty of her perſon.

She was poſſeſſed of that ſettled affection ſo much to be deſired in a partner for life. Happy in having me with her, *Nedoua* aſked me not to expreſs my love more by actions than by words.

Though

Though her love was not altogether diveſted of the pleaſures of ſenſe, yet when *Nedoua* preſſed me cloſely to her breaſt, it was leſs to ſatisfy her own deſires, than to yield herſelf to mine. She was incapable of reproaching me in the manner *Indgi* had done, or as I had found *Zambak* more than once capable of doing. In a word, every thing conſidered, I had the greateſt reaſon to love the moſt amiable woman in Turkey.

I went to *Calil*'s houſe, and learning that he was at *Algiro*, I repaired thither to him. Whilſt I was there, I viſited *Uſbeck* and his family,—I afterwards went to *Galata*. At *Muſtapha*'s I found *Menekcke*, the ſiſter of *Aſſan*. He had deſired *Zambak* to keep her there until his return. This young creature had all the beauty of the flower whoſe name ſhe bore*. She was the only Turkiſh lady that could be compared with *Nedoua*. Their diſpoſitions were nearly alike. She had in a manner never ſeen any man beſides her brother. *Aſſan* had followed the ſea from the time he was

* *Menekcke* ſignifies a *violet*.

very

very young; his voyages had contributed little towards poliſhing his manners; on the contrary, the ſea-air had inſpired him with a ferocity of behaviour which rather excited terror, than produced affection.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

My entertainment at Galata—Tonton's *reſolution of quitting* Muſtapha, *and of other matters.*

I Had the good fortune to appear agreeable in the eyes of the brunette *Menekcke*, who had ſuppoſed all mankind like her brother, both in figure and manner. My attention to her contributed to ſtrengthen the impreſſion my perſon had made on her. All this time I did not neglect *Gevaher*, who ſtill ſtood on the reſerve. If ſhe had been read in romance, I ſhould have pronounced her ſpoiled by them. Love in the utmoſt refinement of its purity was the offering which ſhe required; a paſſion ſpringing out of ſentiment, and wholly depurated from the groſſneſs of ſenſual gratifications. Such were her notions of an intercourſe betwixt the ſexes, and ſhe would with all her heart

have

have ſpun out the courtſhip 'till it had reached the tenth volume, without bringing it to a concluſion. *Menekcke*'s way of thinking was more to my taſte; I had made her acknowledge, that in love practice is before theory. She made me amends for the little ſatisfaction I found in her rival's converſation.

Zambak was ſo totally abſorbed in the thoughts of her *Koul* that I was abſolutely indifferent to her, and *Checher-para* perſecuted me with her grief and complainings. This girl, who before her arrival in Turkey, never felt a paſſion that did not take its riſe from mercenary motives, now piqued herſelf on a diſintereſted affection for her maſter, and looked upon the day of his marriage as the laſt of her exiſtence. His union with the daughter of *Curgi Nebi* had inſpired *Tonton* with no degree of jealouſy, for indeed the latter, properly in repair, was far beyond *Muſtapha*'s wife, as an object of deſire. But the caſe was otherwiſe with reſpect to *Merdgian*, who beſides an extraordinary ſhare of beauty, had a winningneſs of behaviour which ſeemed to

fet all the amorous talents of our pupil in the fchool of the *Parifian Venus* at defiance. *Tonton* knew the fuperiority of her rival, and that fhe might not be expofed to the mortification of beholding her triumph, fhe refolved on the return of her maſter to ſollicit her freedom as the reward of her compliance with his deſires.

Had it not been for *Aſſan*'s ſiſter, I ſhould have paſſed my time but ill at *Galata*, from whence, however, I went frequently to viſit my little charge at *Conſtantinople*. It was in *Nedoua*'s arms only that I experienced true felicity; but had I known that I ſhould have been the cauſe of the heavieſt of misfortunes to the loveliеſt of her ſex, notwithſtanding the violence of my paſſion for *Omar*'s neice, I ſhould have returned to France immediately after my pretended cure.

I am ſtill in the prime of life, but ſhould my days be lengthened out to extreme old age, I can hardly think fortune will ever be able to inflict ſo heavy a ſtroke upon me, as that of which the next chapter furniſhes the melancholy deſcription.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

Which gives an account of a moſt dreadful cataſtrophe.

MARINE BEAUVAIS, a Frenchwoman, and the ſlave of *Nedoua* was in years. Though the work of the houſe was very trifling, yet her miſtreſs through kindneſs to her ſlave often did the half of it. It gave me pain to ſee *Nedoua* employed in occupations ſo much beneath her: I therefore begged *Calil*, with whom I had lived ſince on a footing of intimacy, to buy me a ſlave of either ſex, that might ſupply the want of activity in this old woman, The doctor to oblige me made the purchaſe of a young man, a *Neapolitan*, whom I diſliked at firſt ſight. Had I been governed by my own opinion, *Nedoua* would never have had him,

The maſter of whom *Calil* had purchaſed this young man, had treated him

him with an inhumanity, which was manifeſted in the marks he bore about him. The tender *Nedoua*, with her uſual goodneſs, remonſtrated againſt the cruelty of ſelling him again, perhaps to a maſter who might uſe him as barbarouſly as his laſt, at a time too when the mildneſs of his new ſlavery might recover him from the ſhocking effects of his late hard ſervitude.

Abominable wretch! how little wert thou worthy of ſo much kindneſs! could I diſſent from *Nedoua*'s advice, who artfully reminded me of my late condition to move me to this act of humanity? Although I never went to *Nedoua* but by night, and was careful not to be ſeen there in the day time, yet the *Scherifs* obſerving me to continue at *Conſtantinople* after I was reſtored to liberty, had ſuſpected, and at laſt diſcovered, that I ſtill carried on an intrigue with their kinſwoman. In ſpite of every precaution I had uſed, I was ſeen to go in and out from her houſe. They had remarked my intimacy with *Muſtapha* and *Calil*, and gueſſed that *Nedoua* had ſubſiſted ſince the death of the young

Scherif,

Scherif, on the assistance I derived from their liberality.

I had a slight quarrel with a Turk who insulted me at a bagnio, where I was drinking with some slaves of my acquaintance. Our quarrel ended in blows, but the authority of *Calil*, who was just appointed *Lecchin Bachi*, and had taken me under his protection, had saved me from a danger, to which the warmth of my temper, perhaps increased by the wine I had drunk, had exposed me *. This exertion of authority had put the *Scherifs* on their guard, and they were cautious of giving offence to the first physician, a person generally of great consideration in the empire. This detested race therefore looked upon the Neapolitan as a proper instrument of their revenge.

No sooner was this slave fixed in *Nedoua*'s service, than they formed a design of corrupting him, and succeeded in it but too well. On the promise of a *purse*

* Formerly a Christian who had struck a Turk was punished with death; at present the punishment is commuted to the loss of the hand or foot which committed the offence.

and

and his liberty, he engaged to introduce them into the houſe at the time I ſhould be with his miſtreſs. The wretch admitted eight of them in a little before the hour I had told him that I ſhould come.

Their fury did not ſuffer them to ſtay long after I came in. They ruſhed into the room where I was ſitting with *Nedoua*, who gave a loud ſhriek on their on their appearance. Six of theſe revengeful villains ſeized me before I could prepare for my defence, and the two others falling upon the unhappy *Nedoua*, plunged their poniards in that body, to form which nature had ſelected every feminine beauty..

Nedoua in the agonies of death ſtretched forth her ſnowy arms towards me, and ſeemed to ſue for mercy with my butchers. This ever adorable creature fixing her eyes ſwimming in death on mine, ſhut them for ever againſt the light of day.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

The family of Mahomet *finish their bloody work—I am discovered, and saved.*

WHILST this cruel tragedy was acting, grief and astonishment had locked up every faculty of my soul. I recovered the use of my senses only upon receiving a wound with a poniard in my side. Lovely *Nedoua*, exclaimed I then, one short moment, and I shall be your's again.---I was not suffered to say more: eleven stabs avenged the death of *Omar*. I recollect that sinking under their redoubled strokes, I strove to fall near *Nedoua*, to mix her blood with mine; but even this melancholy satisfaction was denied me by these monsters in cruelty, and I was thrown in an opposite corner, to where her bloody corpse lay.

Marine, and the *Neapolitan*, were not treated with more humanity. The former paid with her blood the fidelity she had observed towards her mistress, and

heaven, in vengeance for his crimes, permitted the latter to receive his death's wound, as the reward of his treachery.

It is more than probable, that our executioners ſuppoſing us all diſpatched, left the body of *Nedoua* in the houſe, and brought us out into the *Atmeidan*, for *Calil*, returning from the ſeraglio of *Ibrahim Paſcha*, where he had been to viſit a Sultaneſs that was ſick, found us without any ſigns of life remaining. Recognizing me by the light of his *Machalarcs*,* he ordered his ſlaves to convey me to his houſe. *Marine*, and the *Neapolitan*, were likewiſe taken care of in the ſame manner.

My wounds were dreſſed before I was ſenſible of the attention paid in the preſervation of a life which afterwards appeared ſo little deſirable. Through the great quantity of blood I had loſt, I was deprived of ſight and ſenſation for a conſiderable time. A violent fever coming on, my life was deſpaired of. Luckily

* A ſort of pot fixed upon a ſtaff, in which is burnt a kind of unctuous wood, or tow, dipped in oil, giving a very ſtrong light.

for

for me, *Muſtapha* returned from his voyage, and not finding me at *Galata*, came to learn ſome tidings of me at the houſe of *Calil*. This generous Turk had not near ſo good an opinion of the doctor, as he entertained of himſelf; ſo he ſent for the ſurgeon of a Dutch veſſel which he had taken, and promiſed him his liberty, and a reward, more than equal to his expectations, if he could make a cure of me. Animated thus by a double motive, this man, who was indeed ſkilful in his profeſſion, attended me with the utmoſt care, and the exertion of all his experience. My wounds were diſcovered not to be mortal. Theſe aſſaſſins, in the eagerneſs of revenge, had gone no deeper than the fleſh. Happy had it been for me, if their attack upon *Nedoua* had been as unſucceſsful.

CHAP. LI.

I refuſed to be cured.---The Scherifs *extend their cruelty to* Nedoua's *remains.*

HOW ſhocking were my reflections, when I was in a condition of making them! As I recovered my ſtrength, I began to conſider how I had been brought into that ſtate in which I found myſelf; and by degrees, recollecting every different circumſtance of that cruel adventure, I could not think of *Nedoua*'s death, without falling back into the ſituation from whence I had been juſt delivered.

Recovered again, I ſeemed to have acquired new ſtrength. I threw myſelf out of the bed on which I lay. I ſtruggled with the people appointed to attend me, and my ſtruggles forced open my wounds. They were obliged to tie me down before I would ſuffer them to be dreſſed again. In vain did *Muſtapha* and *Calil* conjure me not to refuſe their charitable

ritable aſſiſtance, I was incapable of hearkening to reaſon.

Ceaſe, cried I, to throw away your pains; can you ſuppoſe, a prey as I am to remorſe, the victim of deſpair, and haunted by my crimes, I can ever ſurvive the loſs of *Nedoua?* Alas! I beheld that incomparable woman expiring under the blows which my fatal love had occaſioned; and would you have me live after this? No! I aſk for death at your hands as a favour; would you be more cruel than the villains who endeavoured to make me rejoin the object of my affection?

Thus did I expreſs myſelf in the bitterneſs of my grief. However, I was forced to yield to ſuperior force, and to ſubmit to having my wounds dreſſed again. *Muſtapha*, who knew the aſcendancy *Chera* had over me, ſent to *Algiro* for her. This good creature contributed not a little to forward my cure, by her ſeaſonable conſolations, which ſoothed the perturbation of my mind. She ſhewed the utmoſt attention to me, and ſitting conſtantly at the foot of my bed, I took nothing but from her hands. She

ſcarcely ever left me, but when nature required her to take repoſe.

Marine, whoſe wounds were only in the body, ſoon did credit to the ſurgeon's care, and the *Neapolitan*, mad to deſperation to find himſelf ſo requited, gave up the ghoſt, after he had confeſſed his guilt. The body of the ill-fated *Nedoua* was found in the houſe where her blood-thirſty kindred had left it. The *Nakib*, who preſided at the counſel, held by theſe cruel wretches, diſcovered no ſigns of contrition, when word was brought to him of the tragical death of his kinſwoman. This execrable race carried their inhumanity and revenge ſo far, as to deny a funeral to the ſad remains of the moſt lovely amongſt woman-kind. The *Imans* who performed that laſt office, were ſeen begging their fee by the way-ſide*.

* When the family of a dead perſon is either unable or unwilling to defray the charge of the funeral, the *Imans* convey the corpſe to the burying places which are between *Pera* and *Galata*. Such as attend this ceremony, who generally collect themſelves in great numbers, amply compenſate theſe prieſts for the poverty or avarice of the relations of the deceaſed. This is an article of religion, which the *Imans* are the leaſt negligent of performing.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

I am ſtill perſecuted by Mahomet's *kindred—the method uſed to compleat my deſtruction—the cruel method taken for my deliverance.*

THIS horrid aſſaſſination made a great noiſe at *Conſtantinople*; and though the cauſe of it was unknown, yet my friends judged me not ſufficiently ſecure, without the protection of the Sultaneſs *Lalé*, to whom *Zambak* wrote a ſecond time in my favour. The firſt phyſician employed all his intereſt with the *Valide Gulbeas* in my behalf. With two ſuch powerful patroneſſes I thought myſelf ſecure enough in *Calil*'s houſe from the reſentment of the *Scherifs*, and my friends waited my recovery with impatience, when, by ſending me off to France, they might put me out of the reach of the ſeverity of their laws.

I was now in a condition to get out of my bed, when the *Scherifs*, being openly reproached with their ſcandalous conduct towards their relation, in refuſing her the laſt duty to the dead, ſought to exculpate themſelves at my expence, by declaring the cauſe of her death. They knew that I was at the houſe of the *Lecchin Bachi*, and I ſhould certainly have fallen at laſt a victim to their malice, had it not been for the indiſcretion of one amongſt them, who made a confidence of the ſcheme they had concerted for working my deſtruction to a favourite ſlave, a native of Provence, who had a brother in the ſame bagnio to which my friend the Cordelier belonged.

This girl ſpoke of their deſign to her brother, with whom I had often drank, and he knowing the intimate acquaintance I had with the Franciſcan, informed him of their intention. He immediately made *Muſtapha* and *Calil* acquainted with it, and I was conveyed in the night-time to the houſe of a Jeweſs, widow of him to whom the firſt phyſician had been a pupil.

Had

Had it not been for this interpoſition of heaven in my favour, I had been inevitably loſt; for three of the poſterity of *Mahomet* having placed themſelves in the Sultan's way, with lighted flambeaux * on their heads, that Prince had them called before him, and enquired into the nature of the juſtice which they demanded. They related to him in brief my adventure with *Nedoua*, not omitting, however, any circumſtance of it. The Grand Signior immediately gave orders to the *Kadileſkr* to do the kindred of *Mahomet* the juſtice they had a right to expect.

This Judge went to *Calil*'s juſt as the latter, who knew the ſtep taken by the *Scherifs*, had cauſed the body of a ſlave to be carried out of his houſe, whom, by a kindneſs after the Turkiſh faſhion, he had ſtabbed and disfigured, that the corpſe might be ſuppoſed to be mine. This cruel ſtratagem ſucceeded.

* When a *Turk* imagines himſelf aggrieved, he preſents himſelf in this manner before the Sultan, ſignifying thereby, that if he does not do him juſtice, his ſoul will burn in a future ſtate like the light upon his head.

The *Scherifs*, ſatisfied with the ſuppoſed death of their enemy and having nothing further to aſk, retired with the magiſtrate, who acquainted his highneſs that the ignominy I had drawn upon the family of the prophet was done away with my blood.

The body of the ſacrifice to my ſafety was given into the hands of the Chriſtian ſlaves, who, according to cuſtom, interred it in the chapel of their bagnio*.

* In every bagnio of any ſize there is a chapel, which is furniſhed and ſupported by the Chriſtian ſlaves, all of whom, even the pooreſt, contribute ſomething towards paying the maſter of a prieſt in ſlavery a ſmall allowance, to exempt him from labour. The ſlave who keeps the tavern belonging to the bagnio, is obliged to find this prieſt in neceſſaries, at an allowance of half an aſpre from each contributor. The proteſtants do the ſame with reſpect to their miniſters.

CHAP. LIII.

My recovery compleated—I prepare to return to my native country.

CHERA followed me to the houſe of the Jeweſs, where the Dutch ſurgeon was locked up with me. *Muſtapha* and *Calil* came to viſit me, but not often, leſt it ſhould be remarked. The freſh danger to which I had been expoſed, and the recent death of *Nedoua*, had thrown me into a deep melancholy, which I imagined nothing could ſo eaſily diſſipate as breathing the air of my native country, at a diſtance from that where ſuch barbarians dwelt. *Muſtapha* reſolved, though not without ſome reluctance, to convey me back to France, and promiſed to embark me with him in the ſpring. In the mean time my name was changed, and I put on again the habit of ſlave.

Being

Being intirely cured of my wounds, *Muſtapha*, according to his promiſe, gave the ſurgeon his liberty, and an handſome preſent. Affected with the unhappy fate of the poor wretch who fell a victim to my ſecurity, with the aſſiſtance of *Muſtapha*, I eſtabliſhed a fund for the performance of *requiems* to his departed ſoul in the bagnio where he had been buried. *Marine*, now perfectly reſtored to health, ſtaid at *Calil*'s till the time of our embarkation, and *Tonton*, having obtained her *Kebin*, was preparing to return with me to France.

Theſe arrangements thus made, *Muſtapha* ſold his old ſlaves, and took ſome of thoſe he had made captives in his laſt cruiſe. I was known to none of theſe, and he had the precaution to remove his family to *Chalcedon*, as my face was familiar at *Galata*, and at *Algiro*.

During my recovery he had married *Merdgian*, and *Zambak* was taken to wife by *Koul Kaejaſti*. They had intended to put off the celebration of this double match until I was perfectly re-eſtabliſhed in my health; but I had entreated them not to delay their happineſs. I ran too

great a risk in being present at these marriages. I could not be too cautious. Although it was spread about the city that I was dead, I should not have been safe if there had been the least suspicion that I had imposed upon the public a second time.

About this time the good man *Usbeck* died, and *Chera*, by my desire, gave the fair *Gultric* her liberty. As the fortune of this dear friend was far from being considerable, I engaged *Mustapha* to acquit me of part of the obligations I had to her. After she had settled her little affairs, my friend retained her in his house as a kind of manager, he being now one of the wealthiest persons at *Constantinople*.

Chera, penetrated with this mark of my esteem for her, gave me a thousand thanks for the comfortable establishment I had procured her, and convinced me that she was more affected by my gratitude, than the good fortune she received through my means.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIV.

How I ſpent my time between my recovery and return to France.

I Staid at *Chalcedon* in ſome ſort ſeparated from the ſlaves of my pretended maſters. Nothing but harmony reigned in *Muſtapha*'s family; the cauſe of all the confuſion heretofore in it having ceaſed with the death of *Curgi Nebi*'s daughter. *Menekeke* ſtaid with *Merdgian* and *Zambak*; *Aſſan*, who had reſolved to continue a trade which *Muſtapha* ſufficiently enriched by it, had thought fit to diſcontinue, having begged thoſe ladies to take upon them the care of his ſiſter.

Menekcke by her careſſes, *Chera* joining to theſe her prudent conſolations, and *Gevaher* with her heroical ſentiments, helped to diſſipate my ſorrows. *Checherpara* even endeavoured to add her ſhare of comfort, by repreſenting to me the plea-

pleaſures which awaited us in our own country. *Merdgian* and *Zambak* contributed all in their power to reſtore me to my wanted gaiety.

Of all my comfortreſſes none adminiſtered the balm of conſolation with ſo much effect after *Chera*, as the ſiſter of *Aſſan*. In point of beauty ſhe came little ſhort of the unfortunate *Nedoua*. She was nearly of the ſame diſpoſition, though not altogether ſo chearful. I forgot inſenſibly in her arms the raptures I felt in the poſſeſſion of *Mahomet*'s kinſwoman. There was no beauty but ſuch as *Menekcke* poſſeſſed, that could make up to the ſenſes the ſatisfaction which *Nedoua*'s beauty had impreſſed at all times upon my heart.

The amiable *Chera* by no means ſtrove to interfere with my connection with *Aſſan*'s ſiſter, which ſhe had ſagacity enough to diſcover. Above all low jealouſy ſhe applauded my choice; and when at any time I was about to give her marks of my eſteem, ſhe cried, I do not deſire from you thoſe tranſports which *Merd ian* is more worthy of. I would do juſtice: She is handſome, I am not;

not; and I value your ſatisfaction too much, to deprive you of a pleaſure you muſt reliſh more than what you can receive by my converſation. Talk with me, added ſhe, but *(gair doſtumber ſik)* divert yourſelf with your other miſtreſs. Why, ſaid I, my dear friend, do you refuſe theſe proofs of my regard? Can I convince you of my gratitude more ſenſibly, than by procuring you pleaſures which I know you take delight in? I own, replied *Chera*, that I experience with you joys I have never felt with any one elſe, but I do not chuſe to owe to gratitude what I cannot expect from love. Continue the admirer of *Menekcke*, who is worthy of you, both from her beauty and the tenderneſs you have inſpired her with.

CHAP.

CHAP. LV.

Menekcke's *portrait—her fondneſs—the eve of my departure arrives.*

IN reality the ſiſter of *Aſſan* had conceived a paſſion for me, which ſubjected her to great uneaſineſs every time ſhe thought of our ſeparation; and our moſt rapturous moments were often interrupted with her tears.

Menekcke is roſes and lillies in thoſe places where ſhe ſhould be ſo, her eyes are large, black, and full of vivacity, her mouth ſmall, and her chin ſuch as it ought to be, to finiſh a perfect oval. Her boſom was well ſhaped, and ſhe had that juſt degree of *embonpoint* which connoiſſeurs require. Down a neck, large, and white as ſnow, fell her hair in treſſes black as the fineſt jet; it was ſometimes looſe and diſhevelled, at other times turned up, but always ſo diſpoſed as to ſet off her face to the greateſt advantage.

vantage. *Aſſan*'s ſiſter was of the talleſt ſize, but formed with the exacteſt proportion. She has a leg perfect in every part, and ſuch as an artiſt would form who ſhould copy after the trueſt and beſt model of nature.

Such was *Menekcke*, yet ſuch as I have juſt painted her, I refuſed her offer of following me to France. Beſides, that it was not in my power to maintain her in my own country according to her deſerts, I had already enough upon my hands in Turkey without loading myſelf with the conſequences of running away with a *Mahometan* woman.

If *Menekcke* had followed me into France I muſt have married her. She is handſome, lively, engaging, and amorous; but what would make a lover happy often renders a huſband miſerable.

God forbid I ſhould have ſo little thought or regard for my own repoſe as to become a jealous huſband. It was not this reſon that prevented me from taking *Menekcke* with me; my diſlike to matrimony proceeds from love of liberty. After having been for eight

years,

years, that I was in captivity, ſubject to ſeveral maſters, ſome good, ſome bad, I am reſolved now at laſt to continue my own. Unleſs I can meet with another *Nedoua*, I am reſolved never to put on the matrimonial yoke: And where is one like her to be found?

The ſpring now came on, and every preparative was made for our departure. To conform with the appearance of my friends about me, I put on a ſorrow I did not feel. The nearer the day of our ſeparation approached, the more viſibly was grief impreſſed in the countenances of *Muſtapha*, and his family. I could never imagine why theſe Turks had conceived ſo great a kindneſs for me; particularly *Muſtapha*, whoſe friendſhip was unbounded; I had never done him any conſiderable ſervices that he ſhould ſo bitterly regret the loſs of me. The cauſe of this friendſhip can only be ſought in ſympathy,

From the time that *Zambak* had eſpouſed *Kaejaſti*, ſhe ſeemed to have reſerved all her fondneſs for him, but when our departure grew near, her former love for her ſlave was revived,

and I did not leave her before I was honoured with the moſt ſenſible marks of her affection. *Menekcke* could find conſolation only with *Chera*, and ſhe was herſelf inconſolable. *Merdgian* when ſhe took her leave mingled her tears with thoſe of her huſband; and the prude *Gevaher* came to a reſolution to paſs the night previous to our embarkation with me. Come, ſaid ſhe, after the fifth prayer *(boialum biryaſtiga bach)* and we will lay our heads on the ſame pillow.——This her reſolution was made too late.

I had been now eight days in taking leave, and I felt a real concern that I could only part from *Gevaher* with inſipid compliments.——But it was her own fault.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVI.

Which brings the history to a concluſion.

TONTON had mixed up a ſmall pot of her ointment, which I gave *Chera* to deliver to *Menekcke* with directions how to uſe it when ſhe had occaſion.

At length I embarked myſelf in the port of *Conſtantinople* as privately as I could. *Tonton* and *Marine* went on board publickly as two ſlaves who had obtained their liberty by ranſom. This veſſel on board which *Muſtapha* was, made all the ſail ſhe could, after bringing to at the new caſtle on the coaſt of *Aſia* *, and we arrived without any accident in the road of *Toulon*.

The evening of our arrival *Muſtapha*

* This caſtle which the Turks call *Natoli Inghi-iſſar*, was built by Mahomet IV. in 1658. Merchant ſhips, and often ſhips of war, are obliged to ſtay three days before it, in order to their being viſited, and paying the duties of their paſſage. It is thought that this fort is built upon the ruins of *Abjaos*, as the caſtle of *Romelia*, which is appoſite to it on the European ſhore is on thoſe of *Seſtos*. Theſe two towns are famous in antiquity for the loves of *Hero* and *Leander*. Theſe two caſtles form the ſtraits of the Dardanelles.

taking

taking me to his cabbin presented me with a small box full of precious stones, which he begged me to accept in the names of *Merdgian*, *Zambak*, *Gevaher*, *Menekcke*, and even *Chera*, who all desired me by him, to employ a part of it in making a provision for myself, and reserve the rest as a token of their friendship.

I never was of a mercenary disposition, and if I accepted so considerable a present, I will venture to say it was solely because I would not seem to offend benefactresses to whom I already owed so many obligations.

Here is a diamond, said *Mustapha*, of which *Calil Aga* desires your acceptance as a mark of his gratitude, not having been able to take his leave of you, as at the time of our departure he was shut up in the Seraglio of the *Valide Gulbeas*; he sent it to me and begged me to give it you as from him. The son of *Sulmen* next called *Checher-para*; to him, and after having embraced this girl, who burst into a flood of tears, he gave her a small box.

I acknowledge with confusion that I left *Constantinople* without once thinking

ing

ing of the Cordelier who had been ſo uſeful to me in the affair of *Omar Fetatz*. I thought of him as I was landing at *Toulon*, and I begged *Muſtapha* to redeem him and ſend him to France, offering to remit him the price of his ranſom. This generous Turk, promiſed me this favour, in the moſt ſolemn manner. Accordingly near ſix months after my arrival at Paris, the good father came, and preſented me a letter from *Muſtapha*, wherein he deſired me to accept of the Franciſcan's liberty, who had been in danger of paſſing his whole life in captivity, had not an enemy to Chriſtianity been poſſeſſed of more charity than a whole order of Monks.

The regret I felt at parting with *Muſtapha*, could only be balanced by the ſatisfaction I found in being ſafe again in my own country. *Marine* who had partaken of the *Turk*'s bounty, went to her family at *Marſeilles*, and *Tonton*, and I ſet off for Paris three days after *Muſtapha* ſailed.

Checher-para, found in her box beſides ſeveral diamonds, a bill of exchange on Paris, for ten thouſand livres,

and

and in the bottom of mine was one for fifty thouſand. The diamonds might be worth as much more. How had I deſerved this bounty? And how ſhould I make a return? I ſhall not certainly die ungrateful.

At length; thanks to the enemies of my religion, I am in a condition to paſs the reſt of my days with comfort. I was well received by my family, becauſe I was in a ſituation to make up to them the loſſes they ſuſtained in the Miſſiſippi ſcheme.

Tonton is married to an honeſt handicraft, with whom ſhe lives in perfect union. I ſee her often, and our converſation both in public and private turns upon *Muſtapha* and his family,

I am ſettled at Paris, and as I do not intend to marry, I do not deſpair of ſome day reviſiting my friends at *Conſtantinople*, when the occaſion of my quitting it ſhall be forgot. I keep up an epiſtolary correſpondence with *Muſtapha*'s family, by which means I ſhall be made acquainted with the proper reaſon for renewing my acquaintance with thoſe worthy people.

THE END.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

The Kinsman of Mahomet; or Memoirs of a French Slave, During his eight Years Captivity in Constantinople Including Many Curious Particulars Relative To The Religion, History, Policy, Customs, and Manners of the Turks ... ; Written by Himself, and translated from the Original French
Bd.: 2.

London 1774

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- H 1197 -2
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11251904-7